

THE SKETCH



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ONE SHILLING



THE QUEEN'S COMPANION SINCE PRINCESS MARY'S MARRIAGE : LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.

Lady Mary Cambridge has been a great deal with her aunt, the Queen, since the marriage of Princess Mary, and she accompanied their Majesties on their visit to Aldershot. She is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, brother of the Queen, and was born in 1897.

Her younger sister, Lady Helena, is the wife of Major John Evelyn Gibbs, M.C., Coldstream Guards. Lady Mary Cambridge is very intimate with her first cousin, Princess Mary, and was one of the eight bridesmaids at her wedding. —[Photograph by Keturah Collings.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND. "

A Hero in the Flesh.

I achieved, yesterday, one of the minor ambitions of a lifetime. I saw Harry Vardon play golf.

One of the best-thumbed books on my shelves is "How to Play Golf," by Harry Vardon. I read it in moments of elation and hours of dejection. When I have played rather well I read it in that spirit of complacency which the accomplished performer in any branch of activity brings to a perusal of a "How To" volume; when I have played badly I read it to see what I have been doing that would bring tears to the eyes of this great and good man. The chapter headed "Some Common Faults" is particularly tattered. It is a fine chapter. The sole criticism I have to pass on that chapter is that it should be ten times the length. The common faults enumerated are common enough, goodness knows; but why should they be selected for mention out of so many?

The volume is full of illustrations, showing Mr. Vardon with his head tied to a post by a piece of string. I gather that, when he moves his head, a bell rings. The bell, of course, has been silent for many years. I have not myself bought this ingenious instrument for teaching the player to keep his head still. I fear the fire-engine would turn out and the pious assemble for church.

A Hero in the Flesh (cont.).

And now, as I say, I have at last seen Mr. Vardon in the flesh. Naturally, I was very excited. A man in the crowd clumsily trod on my toe. I assured him that it did not matter in the least, which alone is sufficient to prove that I was in an advanced state of abnormality.

He was not much like his photographs, this celebrated Mr. Vardon. For one thing, his head was free, which makes a great difference to anybody. And he was not so slim or so serious as I see him in my book. He was plump and ruddy and smiling. With side-whiskers and no moustache you might mistake him for a sporting judge. Clean-shaven he would resemble a prosperous comedian or a bishop. With a tufty beard he might be a duke with a mild taste for farming.

And his golf was not so awe-inspiring as I had expected. The ball certainly went very straight when he drove, but it did not fly long and low. It went very high. That surprised me. I was still more surprised when he fluffed a little shot from the rough at the edge of a green. It was the sort of shot I felt I could have played myself with conspicuous ability. After three shots, which was bogey for the hole, the great man was

still a good way from the pin. I think he would have wanted two more had he holed out. I wonder if he went home and read his book?

The Difference.

Still, there was a difference between this golf—Ray was playing, too—and the golf one usually sees. The driving was different. They made so little of it. A pinch of sand flung carelessly to the turf—no caddie was allowed to make a tee—a squeeze of the fingers, a look at the hole, and then an almighty smack. I suppose

near the pin, by the way, and the putts did not always go down. The putting, in fact, was not good. It seemed to me too scientific. I think a small boy with an ordinary putter would just have knocked the ball into the hole. These great men have got putting on the nerves.

My hero smoked a pipe all the time, and his golf-bag was the largest and most splendid affair I have ever seen. The top and bottom were encased in aluminium. It was more like a partially deflated Zeppelin than a golf-bag.

However, my Editor will be reminding me that this is not a sporting journal.

Postal Deliveries.

I am glad to see that "A Londoner," in the *Evening Standard*, is sticking like a tuppenny stamp to the Postmaster-General about his treatment of the public.

I live in a town on the South Coast which contains, in all, I believe, about a quarter of a million people. I get a delivery from London in the morning. After that there are no more deliveries all day which are of any use to me. There is a second post in the morning which sometimes brings a letter from the country. There are two deliveries in the afternoon which stuff my box with circulars from local tradespeople.

For all practical purposes, therefore, we have one delivery each day, which puts us on the same level as Findochty in the reign of good Queen Victoria.

On Sundays we get nothing. No matter how urgent the letters lying at the Post Office, no matter how necessary it may be that these should be read, considered, and answered by Monday morning, there they lie.

A whole day gone. What is the use of a Sunday collection if you have no Sunday delivery? Letters are written in answer to letters.

I sympathise with the poor postmen, whose job of dropping letters into the box provided for the purpose—when they happen to hit it—is very arduous. But why not ask for Sunday volunteers?

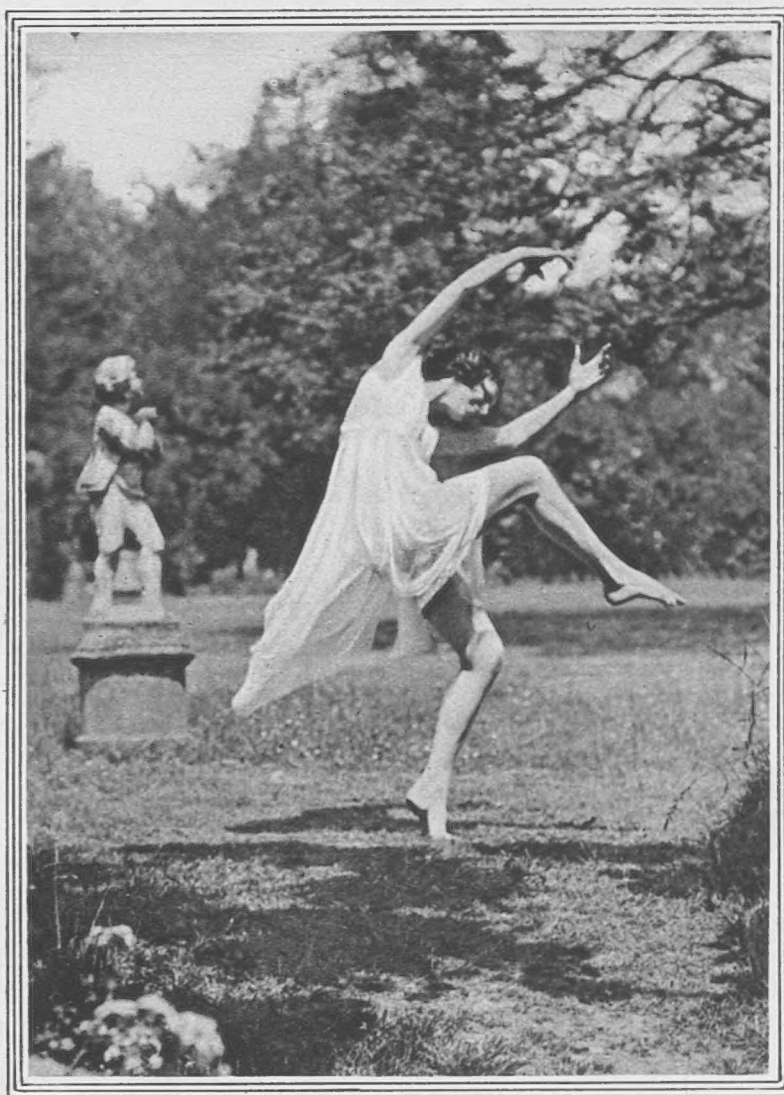
A Lesson from the Government.

Which reminds me of a sharp lesson I once received from the Government. It happened when I lived in the country. Passing the Post Office one afternoon whilst the letters were being sorted, I called in and asked if they had anything for me. I was handed a letter, with the remark—

"Threepence to pay."

"Really? What for, may I ask?"

"Express delivery." And I had to pay it.



"THE SPIRIT OF THE GLADE," AT COOMBE SPRINGS: MME. LAURKA ENJOYS OPEN-AIR PRACTICE AT MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS' HOUSE.

Mme. Laurka, the well-known dancer, is to appear at the Queen's Hall on June 9, in a series of Eastern, Old French, Greek, and exotic dances, assisted by a special symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Eugene Goossens. Mme. Laurka took advantage of the wonderful weather to indulge in some open-air practice at Coombe Springs, the house of Mrs. Hwfa Williams.—[Photograph by C.N.]

they swung, but no one hardly noticed it. They just hit the ball like a navvy in the middle of the Strand hitting a wedge. After all, a navvy has to swing correctly, and nobody ever takes a photograph of that.

Then the approach shots were different. They were played very firmly and very high. Even when there was no obstacle in front of the green the shots were played high in the air. They did not always fall

The Argentines Win the Whitney Cup.



TWO OF THE SPECTATORS: MAJOR AND MRS. LODER.



LADY WODEHOUSE PRESENTS THE CUP TO THE WINNING TEAM: MESSRS. L. LACEY (HOLDING CUP), G. NELSON, L. NELSON, AND D. MILES (LEFT TO RIGHT).



LADY MAHON, THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND, MRS. AVERY, AND CAPTAIN MAITLAND WATCHING THE PLAY.



IN THE GROUNDS AT HURLINGHAM: THE HON. ARTHUR AND MRS. CRICHTON.



ON THE STAND: THE HON. MRS. LESLIE MELVILLE, LADY BRADFORD, AND CAPTAIN THE HON. F. GUEST.



ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS: LADY STANLEY, AND LORD STANLEY (RIGHT).

In the final tie of the Whitney Cup Tournament at Hurlingham, the Argentine "A" team, receiving one goal, beat the Quidnuncs by 8 goals to 5 after a good game. The teams were: Argentine "A"—Mr. L. Nelson (No. 1); Mr. G. D. Nelson (No. 2); Mr. D. Miles (No. 3); and Mr. L. L. Lacey (Back); and the Quidnuncs—Major G. W. Kirkwood (No. 1); Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (No. 2); Viscount Wimborne (No. 3);

and Major A. L. Tate (Back). The match was watched by many well-known people, including Lord Stanley (son of the Earl of Derby) and his wife, Lady Stanley, who was formerly the Hon. Sybil Cadogan; the Hon. Mrs. Ian Maitland, wife of the son of Viscount Maitland; and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Melville, wife of the polo-player. Lady Wodehouse, whose marriage to Lord Kimberley's son has just taken place, presented the cup.

Photographs by Alfieri and Rouch.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Concentrated Celebrations.

The King's birthday always makes us feel very patriotic, and more than ever eager to prove our loyalty and devotion to the Crown. This year, as the King's birthday,

said about it. Except that everyone was a little exultant to discover later that he had had "a perfectly rotten time alone in London with no one earthly about and nowhere to go!" Aunt Jane was the only one who pitied him enough to tip him, after all. He had had a terribly expensive day, financed entirely, apparently, on expectations otherwise unfulfilled. And Jane's heart went out to him in memory of many a similar disillusionment of her own. There is no tragedy quite equal to that of spending your presents before you have got them.

I overheard an American woman talking. She said: "Fancy their making all this fuss of George III. after he let them lose America!" And her friend answered: "But he didn't really lose America. He didn't count much, I suppose, anyway. It was really Lord North, the Prime Minister—the *Whig* Prime Minister—who let us have America."

Then she went on to explain that the trouble arose over the insignificant sum of £12,000! England insisted on that tea tax, though it only brought in £12,000 a year revenue—£12,000 a year, and all those wonderfully rich States gone for ever!

And, as most American globe-trotters have the habit of accuracy, I found myself listening hard and wondering why Lord North had ever been born, and whether someone oughtn't really to speak to the present one about it. He's only a subaltern, though, in the Life Guards, I think—or nearly in. And I came home fully determined to look up my history—only the telephone rang, and I had to do something really strenuous instead. But all day long, and all night too, I find myself repeating "Only £12,000! It's preposterous." And I wonder whether Mr. Lloyd George would be so insistent to-day; and I am quite sure King George—our own present King—would count, thank God, in spite of the most persistent Ministers; though I am then reminded of another story of an American who said he had had tea with the King during the war.

"It's wonderful being a King," he said. "You even have sugar for tea, Sir!" To which his Majesty is reported to have answered, with a sigh, "Ah, yes; but being a King isn't what it used to be!"

And I hope none of this is *lèse-majesté*, for Irrepressible Jane, with a few million other loyal people, look to the King, God bless him, as they have never looked before, to lift us from the tangle of tares at home and abroad. And as his Majesty's birthday celebrations are still ringing in our ears, we can't keep him from our thoughts, and perhaps our pens may have run away with us—as well they might, considering the heat and the hurry to go to press and all the rest of it.

The Levée at St. James's Palace.

I hear that the last Levée of the season was a brilliantly attended one. His Majesty, attended by his Gentlemen-in-Waiting, and escorted by a Captains' Escort of 2nd Life Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of St James's Palace, and was received by the great officers of His Majesty's Household.

The sun shone brilliantly as the Royal carriage was driven slowly down the Mall. The gleam of gold lace on the footmen's liveries, the shining steel breast-plates of the Life Guards, the beautiful black coats of the horses—all these things make you imagine yourself back in the Romantic Ages.

The King looked particularly well, everyone said; and so did the Duke of York, who was present, with Colonel Waterhouse in

attendance. The Duke of Connaught was also apparently in the best of health. Lord Lascelles, Lord Athlone, and Lord Milford Haven completed the members of the Royal Family present. Later, Jane met several members of His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, who had just come off duty in the State Saloons under the command of their Captain, Lord Colebrooke—a magnificent group of gorgeousness. Sir Harry Fletcher was Standard-Bearer for the day; Colonel St. John Gore Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant; and Colonel Angel Scott was the Sub-Officer.

Then Lord Hylton, with Sir E. Elliot, Captain Houston French, and General Wray, the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, emerged like knights of old; and the picture was completed by Captain Irby, commanding a Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards in the garden of the beautiful old Palace.

It is a blessing no ladies attend levées. They would have been completely eclipsed! There is no feminine toilette in the world which will "stand up" to uniforms of scarlet and gold.



1. Angela is trying very hard to achieve a really original bathing dress this year.

Whitsuntide, and the celebrations at Eton to commemorate the birth of King George III. happened all to come in a bunch, our celebrations were concentrated and glorified into one great outburst—a veritable conflagration of outbursts at the little old town under Windsor Castle.

Eton is always Eton, but this Fourth of June Eton surpassed itself. Though "it" sounds almost profane in reference to any place so grey and green and ancient and alive with the traditions that have kept so many of us still proud (however impecunious!)

For once the joy of possessing four nephews, all eager to be hosts, had its bright side. The fun was worth the look of expectant wistfulness in the eyes of the only "lower boy" at the end of the perfect day. The fireworks made even the hoary-headed amongst us say "Oo-er!" in the secret depths of hearts, even if no one dared be so childish there in the midst of all those perfect young gentlemen of fashion.

Bless all their precious hearts—they were enjoying themselves as much as we were, though I heard of one young blood who went up to London "on his own" for the day, while his "people" went down to Eton. "That way we both get a change," he announced gravely. "Daddie and mummie and the children love coming here. So does Aunt Jane. And I love going to London." And there was really nothing further to be



2. And she eventually decides to ornament her person with a fine stencilled pattern of birds and beasts.

The Caledonian Ball.

After the Levée at St. James's Palace, the King and Queen and many leading people in the fashionable world attended the matinée performance at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday of last week, by players of the Comédie Française. Then everyone with a drop of Scots blood in his veins (or her veins) went to the Caledonian Ball on



3. Thus she has only to proceed to the beach carrying handfuls of curious beads. . . .

the same night—such a hot night it was, too—and Jane's Scots blood (and she has enough to enjoy a reel!) reached boiling-point long before Lady Cawdor's set reels so stirred her imagination that it took two partners to keep her from becoming noisily appreciative.

The sixteensome was, of course, the event of the evening. The Duke of Atholl danced with Lady Dalkeith; the Duchess of Atholl was partnered by Lord Dunmore; Lady Mary Carnegie with Lord Cawdor made a charming couple; Lady Alice Scott with Lieutenant-Commander Guy Moncrieff; Lord James Steuart Murray with Lady Janet Campbell; and Lady Marjorie Murray with Sir Malcolm Murray.

Among the very young girls were Lady Mary Scott, Lady Mary Hope (Lord Linlithgow's débutante sister), and Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton. Also I saw Lady Margaret Lindsay, Miss Isolde Borthwick, the Duchess of Grafton's daughter, Miss Jean Campbell with her brother, Lord Stratheden, Miss Olive Campbell, Mrs. William Fraser, and Miss Farquharson of Invercauld.

Lady Knaresborough's Ball. Lady Knaresborough's dance was on the same night as the Caledonian Ball—almost a blessing, however, as it kept both from being too crowded.

Lady Knaresborough was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Algar Howard, Mrs. Legh, and Mrs. Francis Egerton, who received the guests with her, though, of course, the dance was chiefly for "girls and boys," and Lady Knaresborough's youngest daughter, Miss Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson.

I arrived much too late to see everyone, but certainly it was easy to discover Miss Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson immediately. She looked lovely in a frock of shell-pink charmeuse embroidered with silver, and she was surrounded by eager partners all night.

Lady Exeter had taken a youthful dinner-party; and other dinner hostesses were Lady Newton, Lady Deerhurst, Lady Gainford, and Mrs. Henry Loyd. Lady Moyra Dawson-Damer, Miss Ruby Harding, Miss Betty Manners, Miss Charlotte Stourton, Miss Dundas, Miss St. Maur, Lady Winifred Cecil, and Lady Evelyn Herbert were just a few of the girls I noticed.

The Derby, the Oaks, etc.

Now that we all know the result of the Derby and of the Oaks, it isn't for Jane to make comment. Jane spent most of the day—Derby Day—amongst the gipsies. The world of fashion saw her only once for a brief spell at lunch-time. And, what matters more, she saw the world of fashion not even then. She was far too hungry. Horses always mean more to Jane than human beings at races, and she invariably forgets her promise to write about the people. And there is always the chance of making real money at the Derby. The fact that in less than one generation the Derby should have been won three several times by horses starting at 100 to 1 fills one with hope at the outset.

The Oaks on Friday was tremendously crowded. It would be easier to mention the habitual racegoers who were *not* there than to enumerate the ones who were. And Jane did not back a single winner, so the least said the better!

But Jane heard a lot of gossip.

People were discussing the *divorcées*, and how sad it is that all men (who are also gentlemen) invariably put themselves in the wrong and *allow* themselves to be divorced, instead of showing up the immoral wife! It wouldn't matter much, as all Society knows the truth anyhow; but it does make it sad now that the Royal edict has gone forth that the *legally* guilty one will not be summoned to Court. The penalty of being a gentleman these days! It will be a little amusing watching the arrival of the *legally innocent*! Though people say the King's Proctor is going to be doubly eagle-eyed in the future and make certain of no more "arranged" divorces. And nowadays, with about five very attractive and competitive women to one bewildered and easily flattered male, it is a case of each woman for herself and the devil take the hindmost—and he usually does, poor thing, though she is often more sinned against than sinning.

Not that Jane is worried about it. Jane discovered quite a long time ago that it is really *true* that old saw about running. You have only to be quite certain that *you* are appearing to run from him. And if he appears to be cooling off, just cultivate a rival, or *invent* one. Any woman with an ounce of tact can invent a young man and write reams *about* him when she goes on her rounds of visits. She needn't necessarily give him a name. Only he must follow her to *all*

her parties. She must suggest his perfections rather than underline them. Innuendo is always more potent than emphasis, and a million times more artistic. That and remembering never, *never*, NEVER to allow him to see you with a shiny nose or untidy fingernails or dowdy clothes or *dull*. He will adore you pathetic or in a tantrum. Dullness is the one unforgivable sin. He will worship you in *négligé*—but a drab-coloured garment of the year before last will give him the blues. Remember he may just have seen Mary or Martha or Minnie looking her loveliest.

And now that I look at the heading of this paragraph and see "The Derby, the Oaks, etc.," I am a little apologetic. I don't seem to have mentioned them much, after all. However, I have told you of the things we *discussed* at the Derby and the Oaks. And we will discuss them at Ascot too, I daresay, so it is really quite important.

Other News.

Lady Winifred Renshaw was at a party the other day, looking very well and relieved to be settled in her new home. She has disposed of her Portman Gardens house, and taken one in Gloucester Square.

Then Jane saw Lord Roundway one day, just arrived with Lady Roundway at 42, Prince's Gardens, from Roundway Park; and Lord and Lady Astor just back from New York; Lord Chetwynd, staying at the Carlton Hotel for a few weeks; Lord and Lady Granville, who are visiting the Dowager Lady Granville at Kensington Palace; and the Grand Duchess George of Russia, whose daughter, Princess Nina of Russia, has just been betrothed to Prince Paul Chavchavadze, son of Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy.

Altogether, the pre-Whitsuntide week was a busy one, for as well as dances, Epsom days, and dinners, there were some big evening parties. Mrs. Pretymann-Newman had a real



4. . . . Which she hangs about and about, and enters the water, well content.

pre-war squash at her concert at 79, Eaton Square. A number of mothers brought pretty girls prior to going on to Lady Hawke's dance. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

THE EPSOM CARNIVAL IN GLORIOUS WEATHER:



THE WIFE OF LORD ERNE'S UNCLE:
THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON.



WITH THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD:
LADY HILLINGDON.



A RACING ENTHUSIAST:
LADY GREENALL.



THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
DERBY:



OWNER OF THE 1919 DERBY WINNER: LORD
GLANELY WITH LADY GLANELY.



MARKING HER RACE-CARD: THE DUCHESS
OF NEWCASTLE.



EARL BEATTY (RIGHT) AND COUNTESS

The glorious weather which favoured the Epsom Meeting made it more of a dress display than usual, and some delightful frocks were worn by the distinguished folk who attended it. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton is the wife of one of Lord Erne's uncles, and was formerly Miss Katherine Trefusis; Lady Hillingdon was formerly the Hon. Edith Cadogan, and is a sister of Lady Blandford and Lady Stanley. The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt was formerly Miss Sonia Keppel. She is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Keppel, and married Lord Ashcombe's eldest

SOCIETY RACE-GOERS AT THE CLASSIC MEETING.



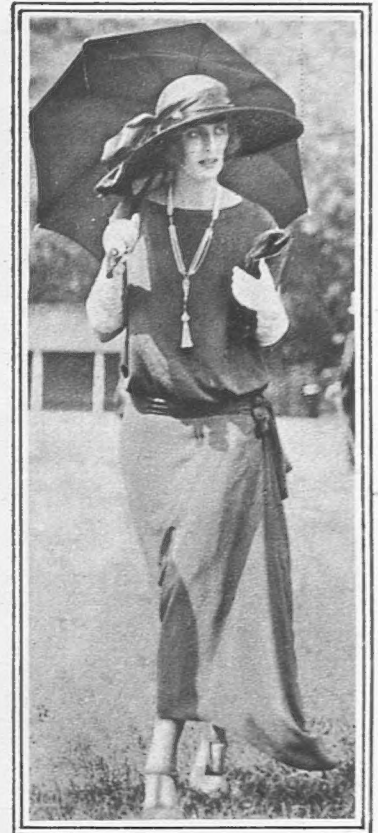
OF THE EARL OF
LADY STANLEY.



THE WIFE OF MAJOR RAPHAEL:
MRS. RAPHAEL.



LORD DERAMORE'S DAUGHTER: THE HON. MRS.
JOHN FULLERTON (RIGHT).



LORD ASHCOT'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:
THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT.



BEATTY (LEFT); WITH FRIENDS.



ALIGHTING AT THE GRAND STAND: PRINCESS
MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.



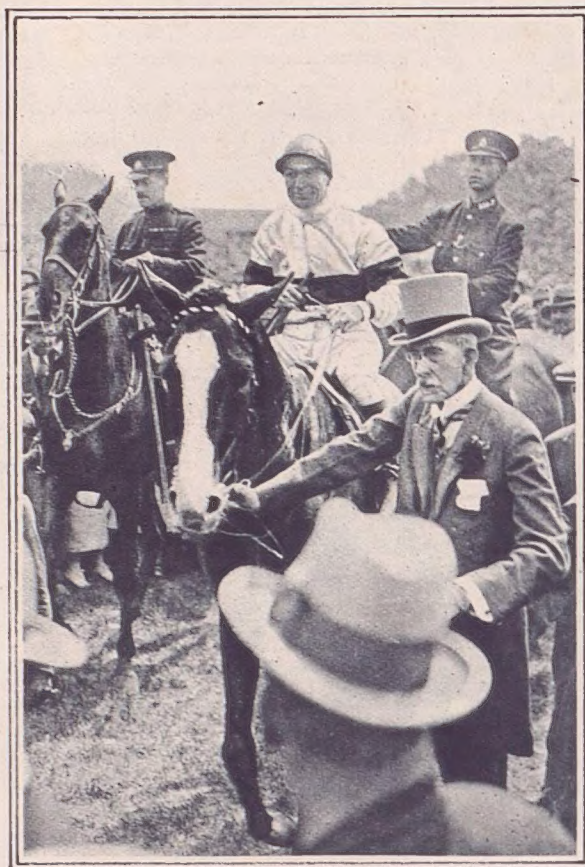
WITH LADY MAHON: GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON,
K.C.B., K.C.V.O., ETC.

son in 1920.—Lord Glanely is a great racing enthusiast, and won the Derby in 1919 with his Grand Parade.—Earl Beatty is our famous Admiral, and is a keen sportsman.—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles went to Epsom on Derby Day wearing a gown of her favourite blue, with a large blue hat and a cloak of cream-coloured pleated silk. Lady Mahon was formerly Lady Milbanke. She is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Crichton, and married Sir Bryan in 1920.—[Photographs by C.N., I.B., Alfieri, Farrington Photo Co., L.N.A., S. and G., and T.P.A.]

Lord Lonsdale's Trousers; Lord Woolavington's Win.



THE WIFE OF THE TENTH EARL:
THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.



LEADING IN HIS DERBY WINNER: LORD WOOLAVINGTON
AND CAPTAIN CUTTLE.



THE WIFE OF SIR DELVES BROUGHTON, BT.:
LADY BROUGHTON.



THE FAMOUS CRICKETER AND HIS WIFE: MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL
AND MRS. TENNYSON.

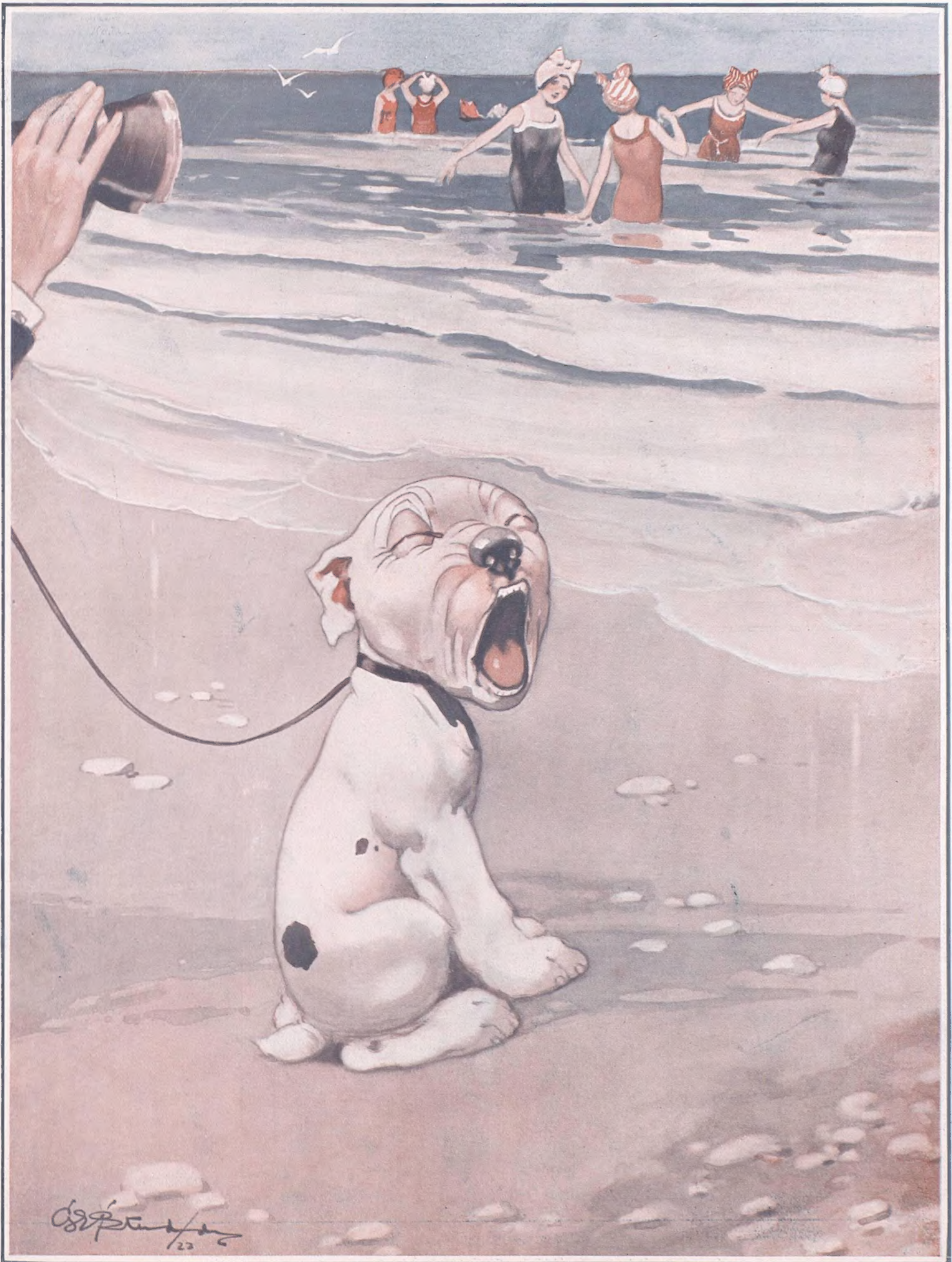


LORD LONSDALE IN HIS WHITE DUCK TROUSERS;
WITH LORD JERSEY.

If Captain Cuttle's win was one of the surprises of Derby Day, Lord Lonsdale's appearance in white duck trousers ran it close for an Epsom thrill. The famous sporting peer looked very well in his new style of dress, and was probably cool and comfortable. Lord Woolavington, whose Captain Cuttle was ridden by Steve Donoghue, was formerly Sir James Buchanan, Bt., and was raised to the Peerage in the New Year's

Honours. Lady Broughton is the wife of Sir Delves Broughton, eleventh Baronet of Broughton, and was formerly Miss Vera Boscawen. Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, who is shown on another page, on the golf links, is the cricketing grandson of the poet. He married the daughter of the late Lord Glenconner. The Earl of Jersey is a well-known figure in racing circles. [Photographs by F.P.A., L.N.A., and S. and G.]

This Week's Studdy.



"ONE MAN'S MEAT —"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, is now on sale, price 2s.

Just Back from Constantinople.



A SISTER OF THE EARL OF AIRLIE: LADY KITTY VINCENT.

Lady Kitty Vincent is the elder of the two sisters of the present Earl of Airlie, and the wife of Colonel Berkeley Vincent, C.B., C.M.G., whom she married in 1906. She is a clever writer, and has recently

published some interesting articles on Constantinople, where she went this spring in order to be with her husband. She is very interested in polo and attends most of the important matches.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

Porcelain for a Problem Picture.



ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS' SHOW: A "CHINOISERIE" BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD.

Mr. Orlando Greenwood has titled the picture which we reproduce above with the well-known couplet from "The Beggar's Opera"—"How happy could I be with either Were t'other dear charmer away." It is on view at the Suffolk Street Galleries at the hundred-and-fifty-seventh Exhibition

of the Royal Society of British Artists, and is a dainty problem picture, in which a Dresden shepherdess and two squat Chinese porcelain figures act as models. Mademoiselle is obviously flirting with the two stout Celestials, and there is no hint as to the outcome of her philandering!

After the painting by Orlando Greenwood. By courtesy of the artist and the R.S.B.A. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

To Dance at Daly's Again, For Deaf and Dumb.



COMING BACK TO DALY'S ON FRIDAY—FOR ONE DAY: MISS LILY ELSIE
(MRS. IAN BULLOUGH).



A STAGE FAVOURITE WHO IS RETURNING TO DALY'S
FOR A CHARITY MATINEE: MISS LILY ELSIE.



WITH SOME OF THE FLOWERS FROM HER GARDEN:
MISS LILY ELSIE.



TO REPEAT THE WALTZ SCENE FROM "THE MERRY WIDOW"
AT DALY'S: MISS LILY ELSIE.

One of the theatrical thrills of this week is the reappearance of Miss Lily Elsie at Daly's, the scene of her triumphs, on Friday June 9, at the matinée she is organising in aid of the Deaf and Dumb. Miss Lily Elsie is one of the greatest musical-comedy artistes London has ever known. Her successes in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "The Waltz Dream," etc., were phenomenal. When she left the stage on her

marriage to Mr. Ian Bullough, her departure was regretted by admirers all over the world. On June 9 Miss Elsie will appear in the famous Waltz Scene from "The Merry Widow," in which her partner will be Mr. Jack Buchanan, who is, of course, new to the part. Mr. and Mrs. Bullough have a house at Kingston, and also possess a Scottish home, Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire.—[Photographs by C.N.]



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Derby Week. In some respects Derby Week brought back the pre-war note more than anything since the Armistice. Doubtless the preliminary burst of brilliant weather keyed us up to the proper state of mind; doubtless also the ebb and flow of the Pondoland sensation acted in the same way. Whatever it was, London all at once became crowded. The private parties and



ENGAGED TO MR. A. E. GENTILLI:
MISS MADGE HOPE LEVY.

Miss Madge Hope Levy's engagement to Mr. A. E. Gentilli has recently been announced. She is the daughter of Mrs. Octave Levy.

Photograph by Bassano.

the regimental dinners had a new spirit about them. And, as usual, Mr. Bottomley was in the forefront of the news.

I think it is true to add that the people who are not squeamish about a game of chemin-de-fer had full opportunities offered them. I am not one of those who are impressed by the lurid stories that tempt the occasional visitor to London to believe that one half of the West End is furiously playing baccarat, while the other half is crazed with cocaine; but I will tell the tale of one chemin-de-fer adventure, because I know personally the principals who engaged in it, and because it so vividly illustrates how fortunes may be won and lost in a very short time by the turn of the cards.

From £1
to £5370.

A well-known baronet, an Army officer, and a quiet-spoken manufacturer from the North had been to the theatre and had supped, and they talked of Monte Carlo and Deauville. The manufacturer said he had never played chemin-de-fer, and would like to see a game. The baronet said he had only once been to a gambling party of that sort in London, but he could easily find out where to go. By midnight they were trying their luck.

Now from midnight until 2 a.m. the man from the North—one of those puzzling individuals who, judged by outside appearances, might be worth a great deal or hardly anything at all—staked nothing above £1. He was £2 to the good.

Suddenly—there happened to be £80 in the bank—he called "Banco." The cards favoured him, and he won. He successfully resisted—or rather, the cards did so for him—three successive "Banco" calls. His luck did not change. When he rose to go he had won

£5370. And he never actually put on the table more than £1 of the money he had on him when he entered the room. I hope this true tale will not act as a temptation.

A Morsel of Cheese.

I was talking last week of the passing of the food connoisseurs, the men who help to give distinction to restaurants. But the restaurants themselves, some of them, have also changed.

One day recently I lunched at an English restaurant which can boast the highest traditions. I asked for some Cheshire cheese to round off a most excellent chop. Time was when the waiter would have put half a cheese on the table, at the same time telling you it was a prize cheese from one of the dairy shows. On this occasion what was little more than a piece of rind was brought to me. I expressed surprise, and the waiter went back, saying he expected another cheese would be up in a minute or so.

But he returned, telling me it was late, and the manager had said no fresh Cheshire would be coming up from the kitchen. "There's some nice Gorgonzola, Sir," he added suavely. "All right," I said; "I'll have the Gorgonzola."

But the old generous, impressive custom of serving cheese had apparently vanished altogether.

The waiter came back with a morsel of Gorgonzola on a plate, just as if it were at a minor restaurant.

I felt depressed and said so. To me a certain expansive courtliness and the grand air had departed from that restaurant.

When Flying Fox Was Beaten.

Mr. Charles Mills, who knows better than anyone if there has been heavy betting on a particular race, can be very interesting when he recounts racing memories.

He was talking a few nights ago about the late Duke of Westminster's famous horse Flying Fox, and of the only occasion on which he was beaten.

It was at Newmarket. The horse that achieved this distinction was Caiman. The jockey who steered him to victory was Tod Sloan, the little American who introduced the "monkey-on-a-stick" seat into English jockeydom.

"There was a party of us that included Sloan and Miss Lillian Russell, the American actress," said Mr. Mills, "and we got so interested in a game of cards that we were still playing at daybreak, the day of the race. All at once we heard the patter of horses' hoofs, the "strings" going out for morning exercise. "Ah," said Lillian Russell, "that sound to me is as refreshing as buttercups and daisies. I shan't want to sleep now." And we went on to discuss the prospects of the day's racing.

"I'm just going to pop my head outside," remarked Sloan. "I may be able to tell you something."

"He went outside, and was back in a minute. 'The wind's in the right direction,' he told us. 'I think I shall win to-day.'"

"He did win, and we knew what he meant by saying the wind was in the right direction. It was against the runners. Sloan in the race was crouched low behind Caiman's neck. Morny Cannon on Flying Fox was upright as a Grenadier."

Shell Shock.

We all of us, I suppose, have friends who came back from the war apparently healthy, but

who suddenly break down and are ordered a long rest by the doctors. Usually you hear that at some period in the war they came under a long spell of heavy shelling or were gassed.

I have a case in mind now, a Territorial who did so well that he became Brigade-Major of an Infantry Brigade. On three different occasions he was buried during artillery bombardments. He laughed and joked about the first experience. He was sick and ill the last time, but had a rest cure, and was well enough to carry on in the last August to November campaign. He left the Army strong and well in health, and resumed his civilian occupation—that of accountant.

And now, three years and more after the war, his nerves have given way, purely from what he went through in France. His medical man has been most peremptory in ordering him complete rest and life in the country. "It affected me in two particular ways," he was telling me. "Every now and then in London I felt absolutely afraid when I had to go through traffic to cross a street. Also three times when I set off to catch the morning train to the City I found myself wandering past the station."

"I am getting better, thank God, but—would you believe it?—I went to live right in the country. The first night I was kept



STARTER TO THE JOCKEY CLUB:
THE NEW LORD MIDDLETON.

The death of the ninth Baron Middleton occurred last week, and he is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Ernest Willoughby, who is well known as starter to the Jockey Club. The new Lord Middleton married a daughter of the late Mr. George Ross, of Cromarty, and has two sons surviving (two were killed in the war), and four daughters. Our photograph shows Lord Middleton at one of the Newmarket starting-gates.

Photograph by Rouch.

awake by the howling of a dog and by strange cries coming from a distance. The dog could be dealt with; but I could not fathom the cries until I found that the house in which I was living was quite close to a large lunatic asylum."

WHITE'S ON THE GREENS: A FAMOUS LONDON



SPECTATORS: MRS. FREDDY MENZIES, THE HON. MRS. PERCY THELLUSSON, AND THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON (SEATED).



DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH: MR. A. W. SAUNDERS.



OUTSIDE THE CLUB-HOUSE: MR. G. HEAD, MR. MURE FERGUSON, AND COLONEL



DRIVING FROM THE SIXTH TEE:
THE HON. EVAN CHARTERIS.



WITH MR. MURE FERGUSON: MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON, THE FAMOUS CRICKETER (LEFT).



WITH MAJOR HANKEY:

Many distinguished men competed in White's Club Tournament, which was held at Prince's, Sandwich. Colonel Moore Brabazon, M.P., the well-known golfer, pioneer motorist, and aviation expert, won the competition. Our photographs show some well-known people who attended the meeting. Mr. S. Mure Fergusson is the famous golfer who, among other successes, has won the King William IV. Medal at St. Andrews six

SOCIAL CLUB'S TOURNAMENT AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH.



FERGUSON, MRS. MOORE BRABAZON, MR. NIGEL C. P. FOLEY (L. TO R.).



ONE OF THE COMPETITORS:
MR. FRANCIS SCOTT.



WITH LADY GRANT: SIR ALFRED HAMILTON GRANT, K.C.I.E.



SIR ERIC HAMBRO (RIGHT).



WITH MAJOR R. SAVILE AND COLONEL R. HALSEY:
COLONEL MOORE BRABAZON, THE WINNER (LEFT).



DRIVING FROM THE SIXTH TEE:
MR. R. DE L. CAZENOVE.

times. Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, the cricketer, is the son of the second Lord Tennyson. Sir Arthur Hamilton Grant is a brother of Sir Ludovic Grant of Dalry; the Hon. Evan Charteris is the brother of the Earl of Wemyss; and Sir Eric Hambro is a member of the great golfing family. The Hon. Mrs. Percy Thellusson is a bride of the year. She was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Yorke.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



Joseph Kirkwood's Discovery.

By R. Endersby Howard.

The Next Classic Event.

The next classic event to be decided on the golf links is the Open Championship, which takes place at Sandwich in the week beginning June 19. Already the prospects are being eagerly discussed, the more so as it is now announced definitely that four of the greatest players whose homes are overseas—Jock Hutchison, of Chicago, the winner at St. Andrews last year; James Barnes, of New York; Walter Hagen, of Detroit; and Joseph Kirkwood, the Australian champion—are going to compete. In social clubs and golf clubs a member's fancy lightly turns in June to thoughts of whom he would like to back for the Open Championship, and it seems to me that the favourite form of speculation this year is to take the competitors from abroad against the field. Naturally, Arnaud Massy, of France, comes in on the side of the invaders, and at present the betting is even money that the cup is removed from this country for the second season in succession.

New Examples. There is something more than a refreshing change in the presence here of the best golfers from other lands. There is instruction. Why should not some genius from some remote up-country course in Australia, America, or elsewhere, or somebody who has developed his skill by ploughing a lonely furrow, ignorant of how our champions have cultivated theirs, introduce us to new and simple methods? So far as originality is concerned, Kirkwood is certainly the most arresting of the invaders. More than anybody else has he had to be, for in his native Australia, when he was learning the game, there was nobody else with even a semblance of a claim to first-class ability on the links; nor is there now, so far as we know—and he could not make eight-day trips to Britain or America to see how the golfing masters there secured their effects.

A Great Record.

Consequently, he had to build up his game in his own way. And—although he flew in the face of orthodoxy—he builded better than any of us knew until he finished second in the tournament at Oxhey (Herts) and Gleneagles (Perthshire) a year ago, tied for sixth place in the Open Championship, and, best of all, won the recent open competition at Lossiemouth, Morayshire. This last-mentioned was a truly stupendous performance—worthy of Vardon in his heyday—although it was almost overlooked in the excitement of the Ladies' Championship. For, in seventy-two holes, Kirkwood finished thirteen strokes ahead of his nearest rivals, one of whom was George Duncan. I cannot remember anybody

else having done that in a field comprising all the leading British professionals, although, in the days of the gutta-percha ball, Vardon once accomplished just about the equivalent of it on the Lytham and St. Annes links.

The Deceptive First Drive.

What are the features of Kirkwood's methods? The first thing that strikes one about him is that, in driving, he takes the club back very "flat." He keeps the club-head close to the ground as long as he can; he even sways back a trifle with it! He does not make a particularly full swing of it—indeed, I do not know that it could be called more than a three-quarter swing. In truth, he is magnificently human. At first blush he looks just as dozens of other players look—particularly in Scotland, where the cult of the flat swing is still a power in the land. Watching him play his first tee shot, the stickler for orthodoxy might say that he had serious faults—this slow back swing and this inclination to sway back with it.

Tight and Loose. Nevertheless, it is the manner in which many people are ordained by Nature to play golf.

How many times does one observe it in the rank and file of club members? If a vice it is, then it is a sadly common one. But there must be some means of working out a great salvation from it, or Kirkwood would not do what he does do. His greatness lies, I think, in the rhythm with which his body goes forward during the down swing—and particularly in the tautness which comes over his left side as he hits. Examine the ways of the ordinary flat swinger who sways perceptibly with the club. His backward movement of the body in the up swing is as naught compared with the forward movement in the down swing. The body simply goes forward loosely and helplessly at the impact; there is neither control of direction nor power of hitting.

Left-Side Resistance.

This is where Kirkwood differs from his fellows. As he strikes the ball, his poise is restored, and then, instead of going forward with the blow, his left side stiffens in just that degree which is calculated to secure command over the stroke—command of direction and command of length. I do not know that there could be any better description of the manner

in which Kirkwood hits his drives than that presented for all golfers by Mr. R. H. Wethered in the book, "Golf from Two Sides," which he and his sister have recently published. "The left side from the shoulder downwards to the foot plays its part in the powerful application of the club-head upon the ball," says Mr. Wethered. "There must be an incentive to all hard hitting, and in the golf stroke this incentive is supplied by the resistance of the hip and the upper portion of the left leg. If they together are imposed against the force of the swing, it adds impetus to its career. It is easy to understand that, if the left side allowed itself to be swung round at the impact, there would be an inevitable flabbiness in the blow, and its decision would be impaired."

Changing His Spots.

This, it seems to me, is how Kirkwood hits his drives—a model for the player with a flat, three-quarter, almost swaying swing; his name is legion. Kirkwood has found the way to make the method triumphant by the stiffening of the

left side of the body at the impact without impeding the follow-through. There is another lesson to be learnt by watching him. When he comes to play short approaches, the flat swing disappears entirely. Kirkwood abandons it when the upright swing is needed. That is where he is a player of parts.



AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. TELFER-SMOLLETT AND THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN.

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin is the wife of Viscount Chaplin's only son, and the daughter of the first Lord Nunburnholme.

Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.



VISITING THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND: LADY BETTY BUTLER AT NORTH BERWICK.

Lady Betty Butler has been with her sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, at Holyrood Palace. They are both daughters of the Earl of Lanesborough.

Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.



OVER TO NORTH BERWICK FROM HOLYROOD: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND MRS. J. C. COUPER.

This snapshot from North Berwick was taken when the Duchess of Sutherland was enjoying a day's golf at the famous course. She and the Duke have been in residence at Holyrood Palace, as the Duke is the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Mrs. Couper is the wife of Mr. J. C. Couper, Purse-Bearer to the Lord High Commissioner.

Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.

A Golf Lesson from the New Amateur Champion.



Addressing the ball for a drive.



Top of the swing: full iron shot.



Top of the swing: half iron shot.



Taking the line of a putt.



The top of a swing: full drive.



Finish of the swing: full iron shot.



Finish of the swing: half iron shot.



The stance for a yard putt.



The finish of the swing: full drive.



The grip when addressing the ball.



The grip at the top of the swing.



The grip at the finish of the swing.

ONE OF THE STYLISTS: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS.

Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, who won the title of Amateur Champion at Prestwick this year, is one of the stylists of golf. On this page we illustrate details of his methods of play. He learnt his golf as a boy, at Dornoch, where he used to spend the summer holidays with his father

and mother, Sir Thomas and Lady Holderness. He is now at the Home Office, and plays at Walton Heath. Mr. Holderness has won the annual tournament of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society for three years in succession, but his victory at Prestwick is his first big achievement.

Photographs by S. and G.

THEATRICAL CRAFT AS AN ART: MODERN STAGE



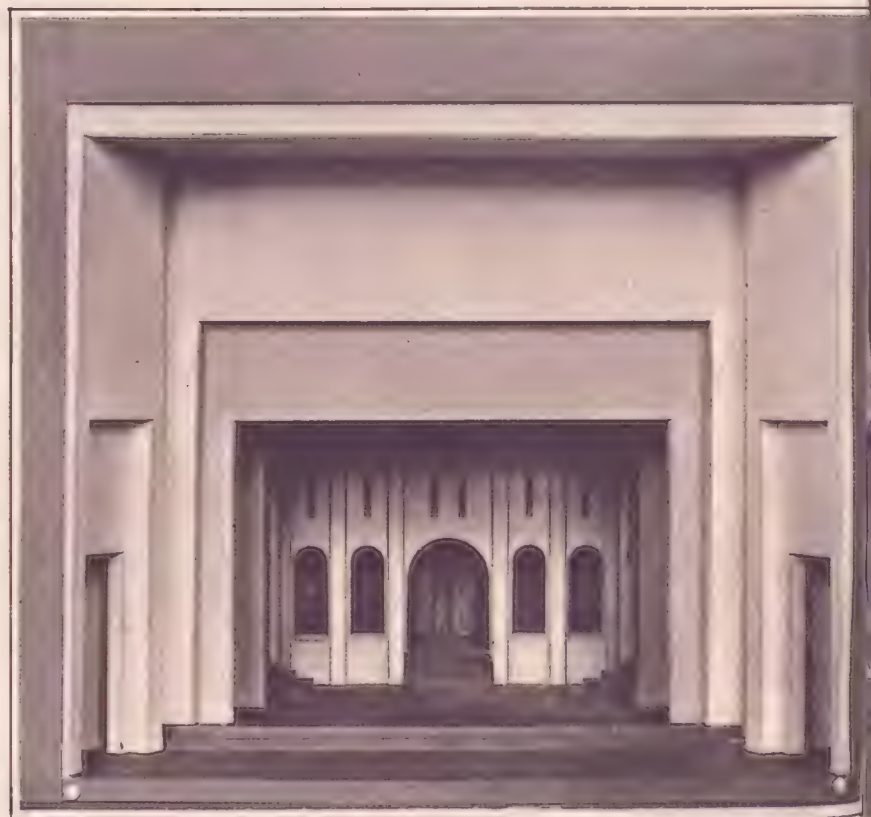
BY WILLIAM SIMMONDS: A MODERN VIEW
OF MEDIEVAL PUPPETS.



WAPPING BALLET: A SCENE DESIGNED BY GEOFFREY HOLME
AND GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



A PAUL NASH SETTING FOR GORDON BOTTOMLEY'S PLAY
"KING LEAR'S WIFE."



THE SETTING FOR THE MURDER OF DUNCAN, IN "MACBETH":
BY NORMAN WILKINSON (OF FOUR OAKS).

The National Theatre Exhibition which opened on June 3 is one of the most interesting special shows ever held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and should be visited by everyone interested in the stage, as it shows the trend of progress in stage settings and scenic designs, both in this country, on the Continent, and in America. The British section contains good representative exhibits which include scenes from the famous Old Vic and various provincial theatres as well as of London playhouses. The Exhibition is the same as that held in Amsterdam early in the year; but every section has been expanded and enlarged, and important new exhibits have come from the United States, the Comédie

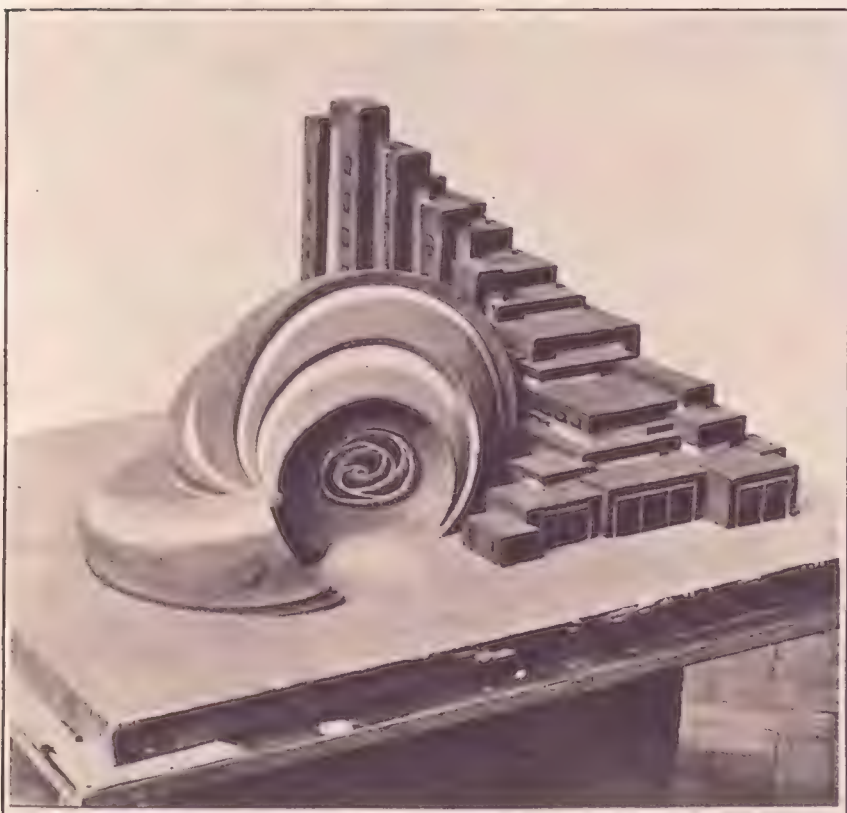
SETTINGS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



A SPECIMEN OF MODERN GERMAN WORK: ACT I. SCENE 1 FOR
"DON JUAN," BY ROSCHUS GHIESE.



"LIGHT O' LOVE" AND "THE OLD MAN IN BLACK":
MARIONETTES BY WILLIAM SIMMONDS.



ONE OF THE GERMAN EXHIBITS: A MODEL
BY LUCKHARDT.



SHOWING THE SKILFUL USE OF SCREENS:
BY GORDON CRAIG.

Française in Paris, and the Scala at Milan. As the title indicates, the Exhibition includes models of theatre buildings, stage settings, and designs for costumes, scenery, and decoration. Our pages illustrate some particularly interesting examples of British and Modern German stage settings, and puppets and marionettes. The scene entitled "Wapping Ballet" is one of a special series designed for Londoners. Admission is free, and a series of interesting lectures by Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. H. Granville Barker, Mr. John Drinkwater, and other famous men will be given on Tuesday afternoons throughout the Exhibition, which closes on July 16.—[By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

"I'VE AN IDEA!"—AND A DOG.





THE WIFE WHO "BLOWS UP" AND "DROWNS" HER HUSBAND: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD IN "TONS OF MONEY."

Louise Allington, the wife of the man who inherits "Tons of Money" in the new farce of that name at the Shaftesbury, is responsible for the comical situations in which her husband finds himself. He has inherited a fortune which he wishes to spend on himself and his wife, and not simply use to pay up his creditors. It is Louise who "has an idea" at every moment as to how Allington can "die," to achieve this by reappearing

as the next beneficiary. She arranges a faked explosion to "kill" him, and invents a tarradiddle about death by drowning, but through all the scrapes into which she gets her husband by these ideas, she remains equally fascinating; for—sufficient explanation Louise is played by Miss Yvonne Arnaud, an artist who thoroughly understands the art of making a farce "go."

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARTHURNOT

POSSIBLE DERBY·WINNER. OWNERS OF THE FUTURE:



MRS. R. L. BURNLEY.



MISS D. LOWRY.



MRS. HYDE.



MISS R. NARRACOTT.

The portraits of well-known lady race-horse owners which we published last week have aroused so much interest that we are continuing the series this week, with a second "batch" of feminine owners. Mrs. R. L. Burnley's horses are trained by Lord George Dundas at Newmarket, and Miss D.

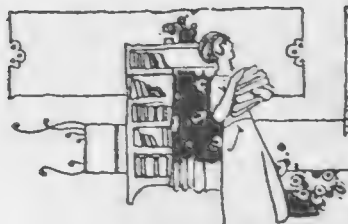
LADIES WHO HAVE HORSES IN TRAINING—SERIES II.



LADY CUNLIFFE - OWEN.

Lowry's and Mrs. Hyde's by Mr. Powney at Durrington. Lady Cunliffe-Owen is the wife of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., of Bray. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Oliver, of New York, and was married in 1918. She has one son, Hugo Leslie Cunliffe-Owen, who was born last year.

Bassano.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

abashed by this carefully meditated laxity of tone and expression.

I have marked that wish to be set in italics. Shall I explain why, or have you shivered in anticipation?

Little Willie
at the
Nineteenth.

Every reputable golf club boasts a nineteenth hole. You will not, however, find this hole on the course. It is in the club-house—that genial portion of the club-house where players congregate at the end of the round to refresh and talk over the incidents of the game. You may pick out the winner by his modest bearing and deprecating smile; whilst the loser is that other fellow with the painfully forced grin who has such a lot to explain.

The ex-Crown Prince of Germany is now beginning to explain. His first volume of explanations is entitled "The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany"—so that the first mistake occurs, you see, on the very title-page. It is a handsome volume, thoroughly illustrated. I am not sure that the illustrations are not more illuminating than the text.

Let us deal with the illustrations first. The frontispiece is the latest signed portrait of the ex-Crown Prince. There he sits, in a well-cut suit, a half-smoked cigarette in his left hand, whilst the right caresses a faithful but indiscriminating friend—his dog. The face of our author has been brightened for the occasion. The result is a smirk rather than a smile. "Never Touched Me" would make a good title.

A Little
Physiognomy.

It is not, to be frank, a winning face. It is not a face that harmonises with the beautiful and tender thoughts that cover so many of these pages. It has plenty of cunning, but no strength. The eyes are too close together; the nose is too long; the mouth certainly turns up at the corners, but I should suspect the species of humour thus indicated.

There is a much more pleasing picture of the ex-Crown Prince with his well-known father. This photograph was taken in 1887. The ex-Crown Prince here resembles what the ladies would call "a dear little boy." He smiles confidently into the eyes of his father, which rather surprises one after reading this passage:

"In reviewing our early childhood I can discover scarcely a scene in which he joins in our childish games with unconstrained mirth or happy abandon. If I try now to explain it to myself it seems to me as though he were unable so to divest himself of the dignity and superiority of the mature adult man as to enable him to be properly young with us little fellows. Hence in his presence we always retained a certain embarrassment; and the occasional laxity of tone and expression adopted in moments of good-humour with the manifest purpose of gaining our confidence rather tended to abash us."

There are others who have been slightly

More Pictures.

Then we have the "Crown Prince as a Sportsman," and the "Crown Prince as an Artist," and the "Crown Prince with his Wife and Family." This last is a very touching affair—a picture of the gentleman with four children about his knees and the baby in his arms. The author has great hopes, by the way, of his four boys—

"I can only thank my wife from the bottom of my heart for having been to me the best and most faithful friend and companion, a tender helpmate and mother, forbearing

Turn Over. Further on there is a jolly picture of the "Crown Prince in the Trenches." It is evidently a sunny day. Our author is smiling and happy. He is wearing spurs and motor goggles, which always went so well together, I think. There are three officers with him, and all are smiling. Not a single dead body is to be seen—not even a mutilated woman or child. All is care-free, happy laughter. Which reminds me of a delightful passage about the times when things were not going quite so well

"We soon saw ourselves in the midst of the *débâcle*: we had to watch with open eyes the inevitable catastrophe approaching nearer and nearer, day by day, ever faster and ever more insatiable.

"When I look back and compare the past, that time is the saddest of my whole life—sadder even than the critical months at Verdun or the deeply painful days, weeks, and months that followed the final catastrophe.

"With an anxious heart I entered every morning the office of the Army Group; I was always prepared for bad news, and received it only too often. The drives to the front, which had previously been a pleasure and recreation for me, were now filled with bitterness."

Ah, thoughtless Allies! You might have known, when you began to get a bit of your own back, that somebody would suffer! Our author's drives to the front were no longer "a pleasure and a recreation" to him! The last word in woe has been spoken!

Pictures that
Reach the
Heart.

The two concluding pictures are the saddest of all. At the

top of the page we have a large and splendid palace—"Sanssouci." It was here that our author lived in 1914. Plenty of statues, and eagles, and fountains, and that sort of quiet taste. Immediately underneath, so that you shall not escape the heartrending contrast, is a photograph of "The Parsonage"—the humble residence of our author at Wieringen in 1922. Not a bad little house, mind you; the sort of house that many an ex-officer of the British Army would be glad to

inhabit. But after the eagles of "Sanssouci"? Oh, no, no, no!

Let us leave these pathetic pictures and turn to the eloquently pathetic text. I don't know who wrote it. I suppose the gentleman wrote it himself, in which case he has a profession at his fingers' ends, for the book is the book of a skilled writer. I am willing to admit that. It does not halt or falter. Every point is made with skill and certainty. You can learn here, all over again, why poor Germany had to go to war, and why rascally England went to war, and why Germany lost the war—no blame to be attached to the

(Continued overleaf.)

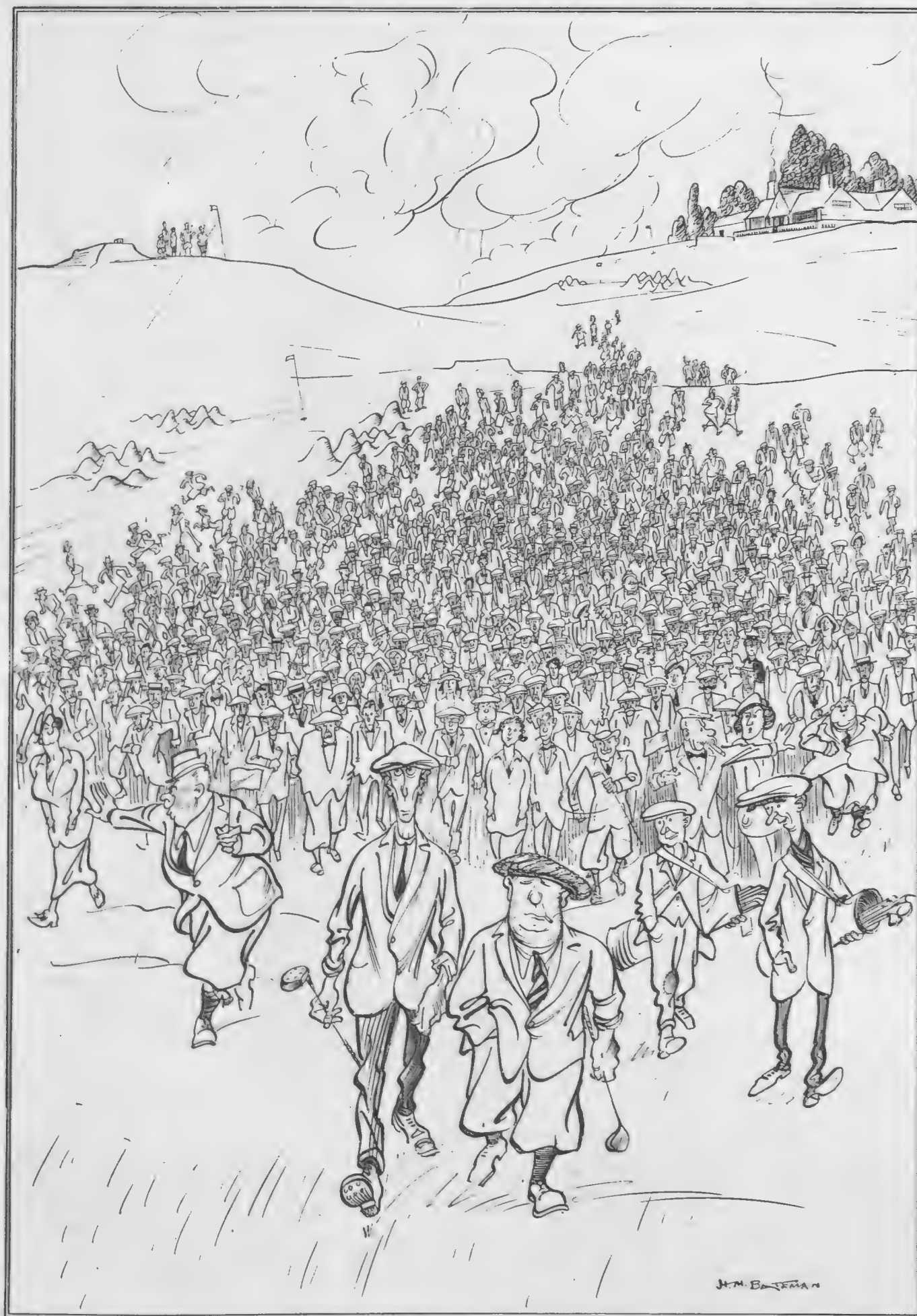


THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE":
MRS. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Mrs. Theodore Watts-Dunton's book, "The Home Life of Swinburne," was one of the literary sensations of the spring. It was published by A. M. Philpot, and gives an intimate picture of life at The Pines. This is the latest portrait of the author.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

and forgiving in regard to many a fault [what *could* those have been?], full of comprehension for what I am [dubious, yes?], holding to me unswervingly in fortune and in distress.

"She has presented me with six healthy and dear children whom I am proud of with all my heart, and for whom I feel a longing as often as I stroke the head of one of these flaxen-haired little fisher-lads here. [Pause while the printer dries away his foolish tears.] May my four boys some day be brave German men, *doing their duty to their country as true Hohenzollerns!*"



THE HEROES.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

(continued.)

author of this book, let me assure you!—and why the Kaiser left for Holland, and why the ex-Crown Prince decided that it would be to the interests of Germany and the world at large if he also spent some time "abroad," meaning in dear, comfortable little Holland.

Sob-Stuff. Really, it might all have been compiled by an exceedingly able journalist from the United States. We get the sentence: "It is lonesome around me." Is that English, German, or American? And the sob-stuff, as our cousins love to call it, is laid on with a cunning trowel:

"It is evening. I have been wandering once more along the deserted and silent ways between the windswept and sodden meadows, through greyness and shadow.

"No human sound or sign. Only this wind driving at me and thrusting its fingers through my clothing. A March wind! Spring is near at hand. I have been here four months. . . .

"I am now sitting in this small room of the Parsonage. The paraffin lamp is lighted; it smokes and smells a little; and the fire in the grate burns rather low and cheerless.

"Four months!

"In this seemingly endless time—which I have spent in one unbroken waiting-for-something, listening - for - something — the thought has recurred again and again to me: 'Perhaps if you were to write it out of your heart?' The idea has seized me again to-day; it was my one companion as I trudged the silent roads this evening."

And so we got this book—with ample illustrations. For my part, I am glad he wrote it, and I hope it will be widely read in this country and in America. We disbanded our Ministry of Information after the war—an act which I compared at the time with the foolish policy of a firm that, having won a long and expensive law-suit, forthwith abandons advertising—and are therefore dependent on what I may term accidental propaganda from without.

Useful Propaganda.

The pathetic memories of our young friend are as good propaganda, from our point of view, as we are likely to get until his father enters the field. This book shows very clearly that the Hun spirit is unquenched, that the Hun faculty of understanding the mentality of the Allies, and especially of the British, is unadvanced. This is what the ex-Crown Prince wrote and advocated before Christmas 1915, and this is what he still believes to have been excellent reasoning:

"If we get a separate peace with Russia, we can make a clean sweep in the West. If this is impossible, we ought to endeavour to bring about an understanding with England. Only in one of these ways is it, I believe, feasible to bring the end within sight."

Still, you see, insulting England with the suggestion that we should have deserted our Allies if the terms had been sufficiently good! And this, also, he wrote, and re-publishes, mind you, with pride:

"The natural deduction is that, even at the best, an attack on our part is no longer to be thought of; but only a maintenance of our position, coupled with intensive prosecution of the U-boat warfare for a certain period."

Not one word of regret for the *Lusitania*! Not one word of regret for Nurse Cavell, for Captain Fryatt, for attacks on hospital ships, for mutilations of non-combatants and combatants, for poison gas, for lootings and destructions and sacrileges! Not



THE LADY BOWLER WITH THE STRIPES DOWN HER TROUSERS: A MEMBER OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME'S CRICKET CLUB.

The members of the London Hippodrome Ladies' Cricket Club have adopted the practical male costume for cricket; but feminine love of dress will out, even where trousers are concerned, and this fair bowler plays in a pair with an extra large stripe down the side!

Photograph by C.P.P.

a word! Merely a pious hope that his four sons may live to be good Hohenzollerns!



GIVING A "BATSMAN" HER CENTRE: THE UMPIRE OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME LADIES' CRICKET CLUB.

The London Hippodrome Ladies' Cricket Club have opened their season. The members are keen cricketers, and hope to play many matches during the season.

Photograph by C.P.P.

The Kaiser's Farewell.

I have given too much space to this book, but I must quote the letter in which the Kaiser announced to his son that he was off—

"MY DEAR BOY,—As the Field-Marshal cannot guarantee my safety here and will not pledge himself for the reliability of the troops, I have decided, after a severe inward struggle, to leave the disorganised army. . . . Till the troops start their march home, I recommend your continuing at your post and keeping the troops together."

As who should say, "I'm off! You stop!"

"The Age of Consent."

I can't quite get at the purpose of this book. If it is intended to entertain, it is a failure—at any rate, so far as I am concerned. I find it nauseating. A man and woman trying to make capital out of the virtue of their very young daughter does not strike me as the sort of theme one would select for entertainment.

On the other hand, if it is intended as moral propaganda, it fails through the knowingness of Miss Pamela, who could have given many nice girls of thirty a long start in worldly knowledge and overtaken them before the end of the first lap.

The dialogue is natural enough, and the writer—Evelyn Fane—seems quite at home with her characters. I do not envy her their acquaintance. Mr. Moss is the sort of creature who should be sent to live at Wieringen with Little Willie, and the Morris parents are worse than that.

A "Prime Minister" comes into the book, and has a long conversation with a "psychologist" on the subject of Mr. Moss and the Morris family. I have always sympathised with Prime Ministers, who, for a comparatively small salary, take on a job that begins by making their hair grow and ends by turning it white. Now that I know that the "comparative responsibility of the sexes" is added to their other problems, I shall pray for them with even greater fervour.

"Tales of Chinatown."

Here we have ten tales of Chinatown told with all the quiet charm of Mr. Sax Rohmer. "The Pigtail of Hi Wing Ho" sounds jolly, and "The Man with the Shaven Skull" is sure to be soothing. Let's have a look—

"Dreamin'!" cried the man. "Dreams don't leave no blood be'ind, do they?"

"Blood!" I exclaimed.

"That's wot I said—blood! When I woke up this mornin' there was blood on all that grinnin' joss—the blood wot 'ad dripped from 'er shoulders when she fell."

"Eh?" said Harley. "Blood on whose shoulders? Wot the 'ell are you talkin' about, old son?"

A stupid fellow. It is quite obvious to me that the gentleman was talking about blood. And a very important topic, too.

"She lay on her side, having one white arm thrown out and resting limply on the floor, and she seemed to be in a semi-conscious condition, for, although her fine eyes were widely opened, they had a glassy, witless look, and she was evidently unaware of our presence.

"Look at her pupils," rapped Harley. "They have drugged her with *bhang*! Poor, pretty fool!"

"Good God!" I cried. "Who is this, Harley?"

"Molly Clayton!" he answered. "Thank heaven we have saved one victim from Ali of Cairo!"

Thank you very much. For a sultry summer morning that, I think, is sufficient. With the permission of my Editor, I will now go and look at a little nice cricket.

The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany. (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.; 21s. net.)

The Age of Consent. By Evelyn Fane. (Jonathan Cape; 6s. net.)

Tales of Chinatown. By Sax Rohmer. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

Three Views of One Charming Personality.

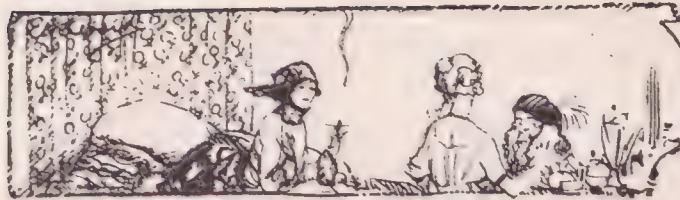


WEARING ONE OF THE NEW DOUBLE-HEADED BROOCHES: MRS. LISLE LYSAGHT.

Mrs. Lisle Lysaght is the beautiful wife of Mr. Lisle Lysaght, who was formerly in the Irish Guards. She is a charming woman, and is very popular in Society. Our photographs show her wearing one of the new

double-headed brooches of onyx and diamond. In one photograph she is wearing it in her hat, and in another it may be described on the front of her dress.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.



Tales with a sting.

PSYCHIC.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Author of "Lulu Ceilings," "Green Ladies," &c.)

JENNIFER MERLE was one of those fine, swinging, calmly sumptuous girls who make one feel certain that Diana the Huntress sprang from Kensington. She had a white and serene beauty, and an entirely sensible brain. There was no nonsense about her—possibly very little else either—but her powerful comeliness and common-sense made a combination that was astonishingly attractive. That was how Mar Murray found her. Having lived a rather Kipling-esque life in hair-raising places, Murray, in direct defiance of all the regulations of psycho-analysis, seemed certain that he had found his affinity in the sweet, silent maidenhood of this Kipling-esque girl. In fact, he had signified same with the usual ring.

He loved Jennifer because she represented an untroubled calm after a life rather knotty, and at points more than hectic. She was healthy and superbly serene. She had very little conversation, and played all the games. A solid, sensible girl, quite free from the baleful influence of intelligence, imagination, or other vapours. She seemed doomed to make an excellent wife, and, in fact, was well on the way along the road that led to a painful snapshot (under crossed swords) in the *Daily Click*, when the Persian Soothsayer in the Eskimo Tent at the Fête for Providing Golf Clubs to Tired Conference Workers, exclaimed, "Why, you're Claire Voyant."

No," said Jennifer, with her slow smile; "you're taking me for someone else. That's not my name."

"I mean," cried the Seer, "yor Sigh-kick."

"Am I really? Why?"

"I mean," cried the Seer, "YOU c'n see things too. You've got a Sigh-kick sense. Here, take hold of this, an' do this. . . . She gave directions. "What can you see?"

"I can see a frightful little room, all doileys and the smell of dinner," said Jennifer slowly and dreamily. "A little man with shiny elbows and eyes that don't come in. . . . He speaks to me. . . . He says, 'Well, me dear, 'ad a good see-ance? 'Ow much did you take off them ruddy fools of nob's ter day?'" The Seer snatched away her glove. Jennifer came mazedly out of a dream. She stared. "Why," she said, "you are *me*—I mean, you were the woman the man was talking to."

"It's wonderful," sighed the soothsayer.

Beastly," said Jennifer decisively.

No, no!" cried the woman. "Don't you understand? You've got th' gift. You can See, too. Any time you want to See, you can."

"By taking something into my hand like that, and doing the stupid things you told me to do?" said Jennifer.

Yes, yes; that's it."

"It's perfectly loathsome," said Jennifer.

No, a great Gift, an' you've got it. You can't help yourself."

"But I can watch myself," said Jennifer, and, depositing the price of a good mashie for the cause on the table, she went out like a haughty snow-storm.

All the same, the leaven worked. By degrees Jennifer began to poke at her Gift. She was a little bit scornful of it. She was a little bit afraid of it. . . . But she *had* it, apparently. And being of a thrifty race, it was gradually borne in upon her that it was sheer waste of good material not to use it.

She thought, in time, that she would like to try it out, and she thought she would like to try it out on Mar Murray. Mar was an enticing well of dark secrets. Some thrilling and disturbing things *must* have happened in that wild life of his in dark places. The fact that he didn't talk of them made them more mysterious and fascinating. . . . also how had he behaved when he was in those strange cities abroad? . . . Some of the native women must have been very fascinating. . . .

She did not believe Mar was that sort of man, of course. Never dream of it. . . . And even. . . . Well, nothing would make any difference, for everything must have happened before he met her. . . . But it would be rather interesting to know. Yes, it would be rather interesting to know things about that queerly carved, thick gold ring with the big emerald he had on his right hand. He never would tell her anything about that, he always put her off. . . .

Of course, there came the time when she held the emerald ring in her hand, having with delicious guile tricked him into letting her have it, and she did the things the seer had taught her to do . . . and . . .

She was in a clearing; it was dark, thick, smelly, and hot. Big fires were burning, and she could see crowds of tall black savages. She could see their teeth shining in the fires, and the big eyes rolling. . . . They were afraid, those savages, horribly afraid! . . . Thick, dense walls of jungle crowded in on every side; there was a sort of demoniac darkness in that ominous and lowering jungle. . . . And she, but she was a he . . . she was sitting on a great chair, with ivory arms, and gold, solid gold, on the ivory; she could see her—no, his—knees in the tropic riding-breeches. . . . And about her neck were the slim arms of a woman. . . .

A beautiful woman, cinammon-coloured, passionate, and gloriously barbaric. Lovely—yes, in a fierce, soft way, like a panther; and as terrible as a panther too. Those savages were afraid of her, weak with fear of this woman, and the man (who was, somehow, Jennifer too). The pair of them seemed to be kings, gods over these savages.

There was a horrible image, with great gleaming brass eyes, and fires before it, and a big, flat stone, and men lying down in front of the stone before the idol. But their attitudes were queer and contorted, and they were very still. Before the stone was a girl, a beautiful, savage girl, almost as light as the woman with her arms round the man's neck (that is, Jennifer's neck), but more lovely in a soft and gentle way. She stood there slim, soft, passive, superbly naked, but there was terror in her eyes as she stared at Jennifer—that is, at the man, the owner of the emerald ring.

And the woman with her arms round his neck was whispering—what? Awful! Horrible! It was "Kill! Kill!" The man, the owner of the ring, hesitated—Jennifer could feel the hesitation in her own heart—then the passionate arms clung tighter, the hot lips caught at the man's. The man hung indeterminate, then the hand with the emerald ring on it rose in signal. A great savage with a curving knife bounded towards the naked girl . . . Jennifer screamed. . . .

She screamed and went off into hysterics, flinging the accursed emerald ring away from

her. She was carried up to her room, and remained in it for a month. She refused always to see Mar Murray. The mere mention of his name was enough to cause a relapse in the first days, and later she could not hear his name without horror.

The engagement was broken off, naturally. And, though Mar Murray demanded explanations, Jennifer would not give one—how could she? The revelation of this well-hidden secret was too terrible a thing for a girl to utter. So Mar Murray, after a few frantic months in town, went back to his wilds—back to the passionate arms of his savage woman, Jennifer thought, shuddering with horror.

And yet, somehow, she still loved him. She married in time, quite well, and her husband duly bored her stiff, and the years went on in a cycle of apathetic dreariness: but she always thought of Mar Murray.

Five years later, when she had come to realise that the mainstays of her husband's conversational life were golf and gout, she met Mar Murray at Nice. He was very spruce and very dapper, and carried himself well, as became one of our great Colonial pioneers and administrators. He had already got himself a title, and was about to marry another. Altogether a fellow to give Jennifer a heartache.

He was quite charming to her, bore her no grudge, which was a charity Jennifer detested in him—was, indeed, faintly and academically curious to know why she had sent him away. "As far as I remember, Jennifer," he said genially, "there was no reason for your attitude. You were sitting quietly with me, and suddenly you began to scream . . . and after that you were ill, and refused to let me come near you again."

"It was the ring," she said.

"What ring?" he asked, puzzled. She had already seen he wasn't wearing it now; in fact, he had lost it years ago.

"Your ring!" Suddenly the bitterness in her came uppermost. "The ring you wore on that night when the woman, the savage nigger woman, put her arms round you, and you let the other be killed . . ."

She stopped because of the amazement, the sheer bewilderment in his face. "What on earth are you talking about, Jennifer?" he asked. "What woman? Where? And what ring?"

"That fat emerald ring, with the strange carving on the gold."

"Oh!" he said, staring at her. "You don't mean Petterfur's ring?"

"Petterfur!" she cried in horror. There was reason for it. Petterfur was infamous. He had been an explorer who had "gone black," had lived among the hidden tribes practising abominations and terrorising a continent—until they caught him.

"Yes," he said; "I think you must mean Petterfur's ring. I had charge of him after they caught him. He was an inhuman and murderous brute, without a single redeeming virtue; but he seemed to think I had been reasonable to him, so he gave me that ring . . . just before they hanged him. I say, what's the matter, Jennifer? Aren't you well?"

Jennifer wasn't. She was just realising that when she had seen things through that ring, she had seen them happening to the wrong man—to Petterfur.

THE END.

New Beauties of the Alphabet Revealed.



THREE "VANITIES" OF "A TO Z": MISS GLADYS MARSH, MISS EVELYN PUXON, AND MISS VELMA DEANE.

The glories of the latest edition of "A to Z," at the Prince of Wales', include a lovely parade in the "Vanity" number, by Miss Teddie Gerard and full chorus, to music by Mr. Ivor Novello. The beauties in the scene have abbreviated dresses, with voluminous cloaks hanging from the backs

of the sleeves. It should be noted that the colours worn by the three ladies shown on our page are not an exact reproduction of those in which they are seen on the stage, where the hues of the dresses are of an amazingly rich variety.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO CO.



Descended from a
Faithful Adherent
of Charles I.



THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF A
FAMOUS SINGER :
MISS CLARE AND MISS MARGARET
ELWES.

Miss Clare and Miss Margaret Elwes are the two daughters of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous concert singer, who lost his life last year in an accident in America. Their mother, Lady Winefride Elwes, is the daughter of the eighth Earl of Denbigh, and the sister of the present holder of the title. Her family trace their descent to Sir William Feilding, Knight, who was created first Earl of Denbigh in 1622. He

was a faithful adherent of Charles I., and lost his life in a skirmish near Birmingham in 1643. A very successful concert was held recently at the Albert Hall in aid of the Gervase Elwes Memorial Fund to benefit musicians and musical societies. Mr. Eugene Goossens' Orchestra played and Miss Louise Dale, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and other well-known artists appeared.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

Mother and Daughter of an Earl: A Baronet's Wife.



WITH MARTYN GERVASE BECKETT: LADY MARJORIE BECKETT.

Lady Marjorie Beckett is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick. She married the second Earl of Feversham in 1904. He was killed in the war, and her eldest son, born in 1906, is the present holder of the title. In 1917 Lady Marjorie married the Hon. Sir Gervase

Beckett, M.P., first Baronet, of Kirkdale Manor, Nawton, Yorkshire, brother of the second Baron Grimthorpe. Sir Gervase and Lady Marjorie Beckett have one son, Martyn Gervase Beckett, who is now in his third year.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Beautiful Anglo-American Chatelaine of Chilton.



FORMERLY MISS JEAN TEMPLETON REID: THE HON. LADY WARD, C.B.E.

The Hon. Lady Ward is the wife of the Hon. Sir John Hubert Ward, K.C.V.O., brother of the Earl of Dudley. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, formerly American Ambassador in London, and was married in 1908. Sir John and Lady Ward live at Dudley House, Park Lane, when in town, and their country place is Chilton, Hungerford.

They have two sons—Edward John Sutton Ward, born in 1909, for whom King Edward VII. stood sponsor; and Alexander Reginald Ward, born in 1915, who is a godson of Queen Alexandra. Lady Ward is a very beautiful woman, and possesses the rare charm of white hair with a young face.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]



An English squire —
of Film Manor.



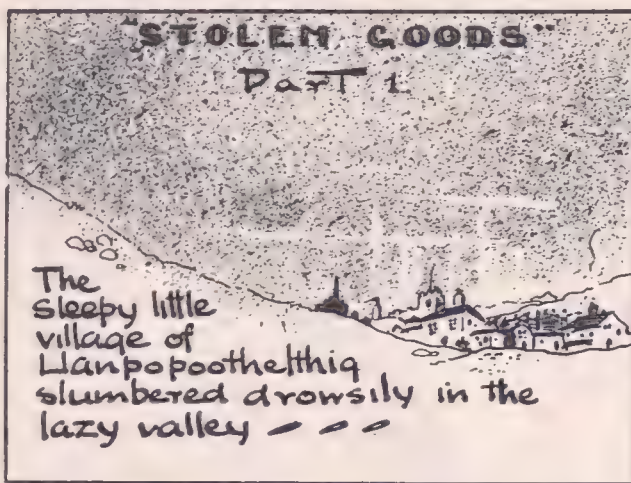
Make-up is
sometimes unconvincing.



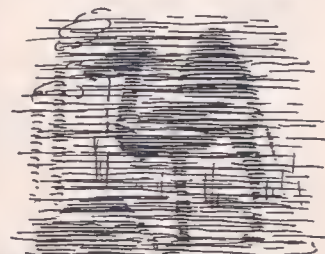
Two members of the 'crowd' at the
Duke of Mumbleford's House
Party.



A soldier Hero.
Time - present.
Uniform - pre-historic.
Size - too small.



It's time we had a new kind
of opening.



Those eastern
dramas filmed outside
Wigan lack brilliant
light, but abound in
shade.



Backgrounds do not
always fit in, somehow.



A film full of action!
D'Evil.

WHERE FILMS GO WRONG.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

The Lights of Paris.



Goût Français.

The second Salon du Goût Français has opened in the Champs Elysées at the Palais de Glace. (What a refreshing name in this hot weather!) Owing to a new process tried with success last year, the whole thing could be packed up in a hand-bag and be carried round the world. It was, indeed, transported last year to all the big American towns. And yet we are shown models from the big dress-makers, automobiles, decorations of interiors, jewels, laces, silks, ironwork—and the most notable products of the French provinces. One strolls from one domain to another interested and untired, for the spectacle is varied and the building relatively small.

Art in Small Compass.

Everything is shown by coloured photographs on glass, lighted from behind. We have no real automobiles, no real furniture, no real mannequins—but fine reproductions. It may sound very simple, but—as we say in French—*il fallait y penser*. The effect is curiously attractive and original. Here are displayed the latest creations of our furriers and *couturiers*, the richly wrought balconies of our iron-workers, the newly invented cloths, the richest laces, the priceless *objets d'art* of our antiquaries, the beautiful glasswork of Gallé, Lalique, Daum, the tempting jewels of the Rue de la Paix, the most comfortable motor-cars we ever dreamt of, and home decorations by Ruhlmann and other well-known artists.

Provincial Handiwork.

Here, too, we are introduced to the particular handiwork of the provinces. Charming *vendeuses*—and real they are, not merely in reproduction—wear their country costumes; and artisans work at their rustic trades. Thé Auvergne has its *fruits confits*, its laces, its pottery, its coloured stones; Lyons its silks; Limoges its *porcelaine*; Lorraine its beautiful glasswork. Children of not more than ten are working with their already skilful little hands making pottery, weaving, and realising all sorts of minor *chefs d'oeuvre*.

Another Little Theatre.

Two well-known Parisians have decided to plant in the Rue de Surène, behind the Madeleine, another little theatre. The two directors—M. Trébor and M. André Brulé—helped by their friends, the other morning worked the pick-axe. We saw Mlle. Parisys and Mlle. Madeleine Lély, axe in hand. It was a joyful and intimate fête; glasses of champagne were emptied to the prosperity of this future *élégante salle*, which will be inaugurated in a few months.

Gay Montmartre.

In spite of the heat, Montmartre keeps its gaiety. The Commune Libre organised the Championnat de la Vie Chère. At eight o'clock in the morning, forgetful of the burning sun-rays, a hundred competitors took part in the race. The *clou* of this sporting ceremony was that

about sixteen of these competitors did not weigh less than 200 lb. Their rush up the famous *escalier* of the Sacré-Cœur made a grandiose and unforgettable picture. The large crowd which had come from Belleville, Clichy, or Montparnasse cheered them loudly as they arrived at the Mairie of the Commune Libre, where the Maire—the artist Jules Dépaquit—distributed the prizes. It is childish fun, if you please; but Tout Paris attends these diversions on the hill.

Actresses' Dogs. The Exhibition of Artists' Dogs at the Alcazar constituted what is called an event *bien Parisien*. It was a charming spectacle, for—contrary to

whole, the jury—having only choice subjects—made a very large distribution of first prizes and *prix d'honneur*.

A Black Singer.

The black craze is far from being on the wane. Everybody remembers M. René Maran's book—a negro book—which aroused so much controversy; and everybody is talking about M. Roland Hayes, the black singer. M. Roland Hayes, who had such a success in London, was in every *salon* of Paris. If the great public has not heard him, at least all the *grand monde* knows him. Now that he is back in the British capital we wish we could hear again his quaint negro songs that he sings so magically.

Southern Plantation.

And is not the great event of this season the opening of a "Southern Plantation" in a fashionable quarter of Paris? There the negro mammy of the plantation cooks Southern dishes. All the white world delights in them. And the Red Devils' Jazz Band looks as if its members had come off the farm from Virginia. But the attractions were not *all* black. We had Miss Jenny Dolly, one of the famous Dolly Sisters, who subjugated Parisians after Londoners. She wore a wonderful gown of silver cloth embroidered in diamonds and pearls. Her head-dress was made of black-and-white paradise plumes worth a little fortune. She entered covered with a cloak of silver cloth lined with black panne, and adorned all over with white feathers.

A Man's View. Talking of dress, let me give you the opinion of a man friend about woman's attire. He thinks that nowadays feminine folk do their best to look like a knotty piece of hard wood. And, in spite of the shiny silks and the steel belt which is lower than the middle, women are not things of beauty. "Your low waist-line," he said, "gives you the ungraceful appearance of a short-legged duck; while your flat and interminably long bust is saddening to look at. Like Panurge's sheep, you all wore black last summer. To-day you all wear red—it's simply blinding.

Your asymmetrical skirt hangs down on the left, sweeping the ground, while immodestly showing far more than your ankle on the right. What is more, it is bristling with curious ornaments, stiff and shiny—straw fringes! Why do you want to make a dress of what is used for brooms? As for your hat, in spite of the ninety-three degrees, it is made of thick velvet. And your *coquetterie* imposes on you the duty of keeping on your shoulders a 'summer fur' which you would gladly discard." But do ungallant men understand anything about women's clothes?

JEANNETTE.



BY DRIAN: A BEAUTIFUL DRAWING AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

This drawing is one of the examples of the work of Drian, the well-known French artist, now on view at the Grafton Galleries, where the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers is holding its twenty-eighth London Exhibition.

From the drawing by Drian; by courtesy of the Grafton Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

ordinary custom—the exhibitors showed their dogs on soft cushions, or seated in their laps, amidst the blue hydrangeas which adorned the *loges*. All the breeds—big, small, and middle-sized, as a famous *chansonnier* classifies them—were represented. All the theatres, the concerts, the music-halls, the kinemas, all talents and generations, had come to the Alcazar. Miss Campton, dressed in white, was proud of her prize for her white terrier Wisky. Mme. Marguerite Carré showed her Pekingese, Mousmé and Péki. Mousmé has already been on the stage, but Péki is still too young. On the

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



BOB CHENEY

LEE BAY HOTEL, LEE.—Originally an Old Manor House in North Devon associated with the Drake family. It commands magnificent views of crags and cliffs and sea.

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 13.

Johnnie Walker :

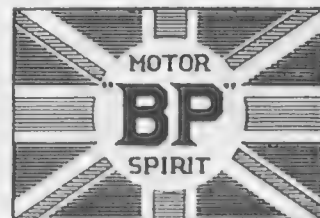
"Good-day, Sir Francis ! seeker of the Treasure Main."

Shade of Sir Francis Drake :

"Ah, JOHNNIE WALKER ! you are now the main Treasure."

60

BP

MOTOR
SPIRIT*The
Sporting
"Spirit"*Look
for
this
Sign:

NOTHING is so hard on your car as the congested traffic near the race-course. It can only crawl and must stop every few yards with the engine idle. That is the time when you must have the "Best Possible"—the motor spirit which gives sweet running at low speeds and picks up immediately when the chance comes.



British Petroleum Co., Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C.3

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

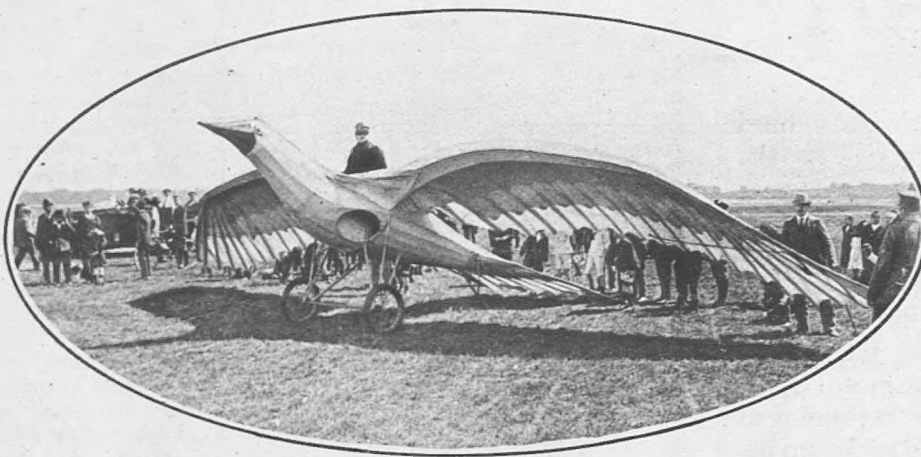
Wireless on Motor Carriages.

I am often wondering whether in this mechanical age some clever fellow will invent a machine that will shave and dress you in the morning—especially useful when it is ninety in the shade and the ice-box has jibbed at its job. Anyway, a friend—no, I beg your pardon, an enemy of mine—is going to give up reading the newspapers, as he has installed a wireless telephone set in his car and subscribed to several "broadcasting stations"—a murrain on them!—and purposes to listen in to the news of the day as he motors from his house to the City every morning. How I am going to pay my super-tax if there is much of this sort of thing I don't know, but it all comes about from his going to the Boat Race this year and picking up the position of Cambridge as they forged ahead of Oxford. Thank goodness they cannot listen in at illustrations of beautiful damosels, so *The Sketch* may live a few years longer, and I may be able to earn a crust. Anyway, there is a motor firm down in Sussex that is actually touting to install wireless sets on cars, and yet half—nay, three-quarters—of the owners I know have but the slightest idea of the magneto and how it works; so how they are going on with more electrical equipment fitted to their limousines goodness only knows. What with a dictaphone and a wireless newspaper service, I believe that typists and journalists will be all asking for the dole if something does not happen to dynamite the lot of these people called inventors. Just imagine all the 250,000 cars—to say nothing of the motor-buses—having wireless installations with loud-voiced receivers listening with open mouths (it's wonderful how many folk open their mouths when interested in hearing things) as they travel to and fro, to the news from all parts of the world, concerts, and other such diversions. Happy thought—the millionaire newspaper proprietors will have to set up jamming wireless sets, cut in, and deafen the lot of them. I hope they do, for the sake of their staff; but what next, I ask you, are we to have added to a motor-carriage?

Saltburn On June
Speed Trials. 17 the
York-

shire A.C. hold their open and members' speed races on the Saltburn Sands, when sixteen events figure on the programme. I always have a soft place in my heart for this annual affair, as it was here that Algy—now Sir Algernon—Lee-Guinness first put up the speed of two miles per minute in the four-cylinder "Blue Bird" Darracq. It seems years and years ago since I got up early one morning of a

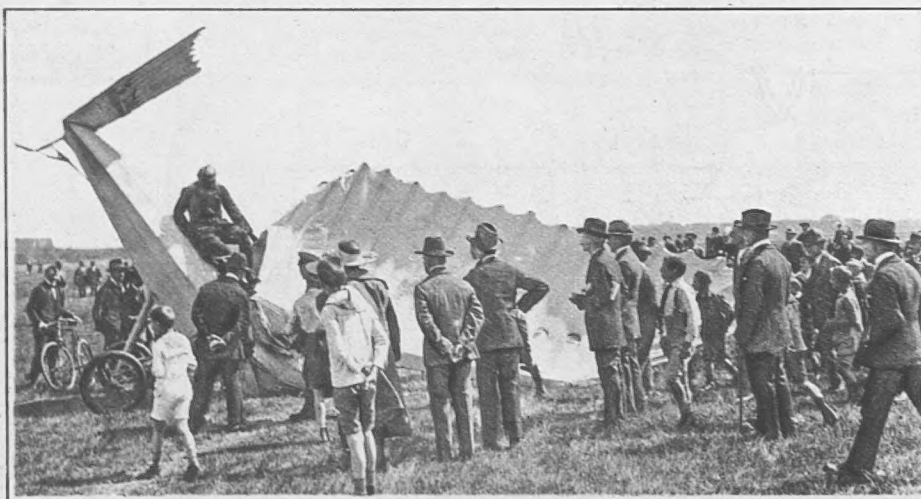
Saltburn Speed Trials, and, Algy driving and yours truly as mechanic and pressure-pumper, sped along on those sands, and the clock registered at the rate of a fraction over 120 miles an hour. (It was the fastest speed made for many a long day, and he improved on this in the actual race against time in the official event, when "Bill" Kenelm Lee-Guinness, his brother, acted as his assistant.) It made me appreciate what wind-resistance really felt like, as, 'pon my word, I could hardly breathe at first—we went so



A GLIDER MADE IN THE FORM OF A HUGE BIRD: AT THE GLIDER TRIALS IN BERLIN.

The Schwert Construction firm have fashioned a Glider in the form of a huge bird. It was seen at the Glider trials held on the Tempelhof Field at Berlin.—[Photograph by Sennecke.]

fast. Now "K. L.-G." is the prize speed merchant of Great Britain, and possibly the world when the records are duly approved by the international automobile clubs at their next meeting; and the same old firm—or at any rate a bit of it—the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam, has put up half-a-dozen or so new records lately. But I write these lines at Fort Anne, overlooking Douglas Bay in the Isle of Man, on the eve of the motor-cycle



THE BIRD TAKES A KNOCK: WHAT THE GLIDER LOOKED LIKE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

The Bird Glider is shown in its full glory in our upper photograph. This is what it looked like after an accident.—[Photograph by Sennecke.]

races for the three Tourist Trophies—Lightweight, Junior, and Senior; and after witnessing the boys hustle round the island in the early hours of the morning at a mile a minute or thereabouts. So one's memory harks back to speed events, which have done so much to make the motor the perfect machine it is to-day.



Tourist Trophy Races.

Sir Julian Orde, back from his trip round the world and looking very fit, has been in the island this past week fixing up with the Manx authorities the final details for the Tourist Trophy car races on June 23. Not that they want much fixing up, as the cars themselves are arriving as I write, and practising starts on Monday. My friends who are driving Vauxhalls, Bentleys, Sunbeams, Talbots, Aston Martin, A. C. Bugatti, Enfield-Allday, and other fast buses, no doubt will flock to the island to see the first post-war road race, and pick up a bit of Gaelic or Manx talk from the natives, notwithstanding that my confrère of Greba Castle is anathematising the invasion of these quiet shores by loud-voiced exhausts at the break of day.

Air-Cooled B.S.A. Car.

Last week Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., kindly lent me a two-cylinder B.S.A.

two-seater car while my own bus was at the coach-builder's getting its summer coat of paint and varnish fitted. In case you may have forgotten, I might mention this is a "V" twin-cylinder air-cooled motor; but the extremely smooth running of the engine makes you forget it is not a four-cylinder water-cooled affair. To be perfectly candid, I think this little car is jolly well too good for the usual buyer of air-cooled-engined cars. This may sound a bit ambiguous, but I will explain further that it has a host of refinements that make it run so well; but these cost money, and so the price of the B.S.A. is more than the usual air-cooled crowd can afford to pay. But if anybody wants a high-class, easy running and starting-up small car that carries three comfortably and four at a pinch, for ordinary country work I can thoroughly recommend it. In fact, I was sorry to part with it when I returned it after three days of running about on it on both town and country roads. If any grumble can be made, it is that the B.S.A. is a much faster car than you expect, as you are up to

thirty miles an hour before you know where you are, so you want really good "hands"—no, I mean foot—as the acceleration is excellent; but gentle must be the action, or you may hit something. The brakes are also very efficient, yet not too fierce. In fact the B.S.A. is one of the best productions imaginable.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON SENTIMENT AND THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA.

Play and play. Criticism apart—and one must sometimes say what one thinks instead of what one ought to think—the best Play is the one that is just play. And the best play of all is to be seen about this time of year in the large brown oval space with a glass lid on it just outside Addison Road Station. Real play. All of it. But if you forgot to go, nothing remains open to you now except vain repinings. Because the Tournament is over.

Navy, Army, and . . . Known originally as the Military Tournament. Then hastily re-christened—in order to meet the pardonable susceptibilities of the large gentlemen from Portsmouth and Devonport who do a good part of the work—the Naval and Military Tournament. And there it remained for quite a time. Until the Air Force presented its godfathers and godmothers in its baptism with a still graver problem. So they re-named it the Royal Tournament. And that was that.

No Change. But there wasn't much changed about it except the name. Fortunately. One had still the Life Guards jingling cheerfully round the ring in a Musical Ride, culminating (as it has always culminated) in that alarming moment when they lower their lances and charge shouting down the tan. And the R.H.A. clanking grimly round in their variation on the same theme. With some anxious moments for the leaders as the guns draw across under the agitated noses of the next gun team. Unvarying. But so pleasant to watch.

Changing Guard. And one had an indication that there isn't much change in the Army, after all, as one watched the ritual of changing the King's Guard at St. James's Palace in the mode of 1790. You would hardly find a difference (except the uniforms) to tell you that it wasn't a spring day in 1922, with snow (or sunstroke) and taxis dodging up and down between Pall Mall and the Mall. There were blackies in the band, of course. And they played "The Beggar's Opera" instead of Gilbert and Sullivan during that impressive pause when the proud young gentlemen pace up and down with the colours and everybody with an appointment anywhere in the neighbourhood stands and looks through the palace railings. But it wasn't so very different, after all.

Ropes. Then wonderful young gentlemen from P.T., Portsmouth, did incredible things on ropes. It was a hot evening, and there was a brisk demand for fans in the audience. But out in the middle of the ring vigorous persons were suspending themselves head downwards in the most marvellous patterns round a ring of ropes; whilst extra-special acrobats slid up and down at the corners in time to the band. A warm occupation, more

suitable for performances in a sea breeze. But a heroic demonstration of the pertinacity of the Navy (as advertised).

"Q" Boats. But, of course, the greatest naval contribution to the general happiness was the Great "Q" Boat Mystery. You have all either seen it or read



AN EVES DRAWING OF A CHARMING ACTRESS: MISS HEATHER THATCHER, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN "EILEEN."

This delightful drawing of Miss Heather Thatcher is by the well-known artist, Mr. R. G. Eves, who is also doing a life-size portrait of her in oils. Miss Thatcher is now appearing as "Bobbie" Bates in "Eileen," the new play at the Globe. She is a very clever actress and talented vocalist, and also plays a good game of golf and lawn-tennis. Her other recreations include swimming, motoring, and needlework. Sometimes she is seen with a monocle.

From the drawing by R. G. Eves. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

about it. So it is no good telling you. But it was really a delightful proof of the inex-



haustible capacity for comedy of the Royal Navy. One wishes sometimes that one could detect the same capacity in some of our accredited entertainers.

Comedy. Because they are not (are they?) so awfully funny after all. Most of them, that is. You will find great laughter with Sir Charles Hawtrey on board his pirate lugger. But outside the Criterion the smile is becoming as rare as the fur coat in the stalls of a London theatre. A melancholy fact. And largely, you know, because half our dramatists are busy trying to be Whimsical. And Fantastic. And Elfin, and all that. Same as Sir James Barrie. A great pity.

Fantasy. Because even when Sir James does it, this popular gambit is not invariably successful. One wondered a little at the Critics' Dinner the other night how many cold shudders were chasing one another down critical vertebrae as their distinguished guest handed out the faintly sickly sentiment of the good old Barrie-Maeterlinckian Island of the Blest where . . . but, of course, you read it all in the papers.

Sentiment and Sugar. Well, it is probably a safe stop to play when the public is present in large numbers. Because they have all learnt by this time that it is the correct thing to be melted by the saccharine sentimentality of Old Associations and a crude—and sometimes almost cruel—harping on the sad, low string of the Dear Departed. But it was a little cynical of Sir James to try it on the dramatic critics. One had always suspected from the poor fellows' writing that they were just members of the low, common public dressed up in evening suits and provided, for no very obvious reason, with free seats. But one had always hoped that authors cherished a fond illusion that they were divinely appointed creatures with a cornucopia full of special knowledge and a heavenly mission to teach other people how to do their own jobs. Yet Barrie seems to have seen through them. But it seemed a little tactless to tell them so.

Speeches. So there they all were, with Mr. A. B. Walkley beaming seraphically in the chair, and Sir James looking as elfin as he could reasonably be expected to. And, after the strange, long-suffering habit of the Island Race (King George's, not Sir James Barrie's), they listened to two solid hours of speeches. Now when the English make a full speech after a heavy meal, they spare no one. They take a final puff at their cigars, and vigorously Let Fly. So Sir James with the assembled critics. And if that wasn't enough to set one spouting about Sentiment, I don't know what was.



THE HAREM SCENE IN "ROCKETS": MISS JOYCE MAYO AS THE FAVOURITE WIFE AT THE FEET OF THE SULTAN, MR. KLIT GAARDE.

"Rockets," Mr. Harry Day's revue at the London Palladium, has just been provided with some new scenes and situations. Our photograph shows the beautiful dresses in the Harem number. Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

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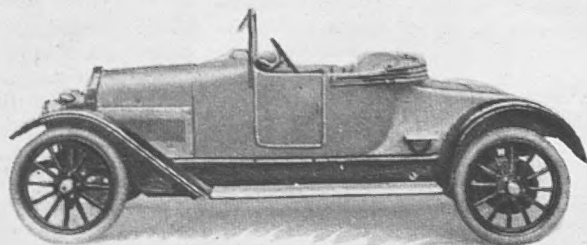
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